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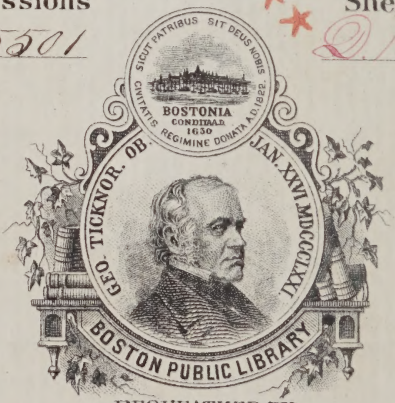

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ANCIENT

POETRY AND ROMANCES

OF

SPAIN.

SELECTED AND TRANSLATED BY

JOHN BOWRING.

Esparcidas mis flores.—*Lope.*

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR TAYLOR AND HESSEY,
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1824.

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TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD HOLLAND.

MY LORD,

It was you who in this country first excited and first gratified the public curiosity with respect to the Literature of Spain; and prepared the way for other less illustrious labourers.

To you, my Lord, I would venture to dedicate a Volume containing Translations of the least pretending, though not the least interesting, class of Spanish Poetry; and proud I am to associate with the recollections of Spain, and with the name of your Lordship, my affection for the one and my respect for the other.

I have the honour to be,

My Lord,

Your obedient humble servant,

JOHN BOWRING.

Hackney, March 20, 1824.

PREFACE.

I HAD sketched a short history of the popular poetry of Spain, and had endeavoured to trace the changes which extraordinary political vicissitudes had produced upon the literature of that interesting country; but, to confess the truth, the more I read, and the more I thought on the subject, the less was I satisfied with the information obtained, or with the deductions I was disposed to draw. I choose rather to own that I was groping about in the twilight, than to make a parade of the few memorials which I have been able to gather together out of the ruins—the splendid ruins—of other days.

And I suspect, as a man grows older, if his honesty grow with his years, he will set a less value upon the sum of contribution to the mass of knowledge which he is enabled to bring. He will find

he has little to say which has not been said before, and little to communicate which is not already known.

The popular poetry of Spain is, however, especially interesting, because it is truly national. Its influence has, perhaps, served more than any other circumstance to preserve, from age to age, the peculiar characteristics of the Spanish nation. Their language, their habitual thoughts and feelings, their very existence, have all borrowed the hues of their romantic songs. The immortality of their poets is not alone in the recollections, or the affections, of the people, but in their every-day pursuits, and enjoyments, and cares. All events have combined to create this character. The haughty orientalism of the Mussulmans, and the rude struggles of ardent and courageous adventurers for freedom,—the knight-errantry of the chivalric ages,—the music of the trobadores,—all in action among high mountains, mighty streams, the surrounding sea, the unclouded heaven, and conveyed through a language

singularly poetical and sonorous, have created the love, and the practice, of romantic song, throughout the Peninsula, and stamped, indelibly, a distinguishing impress upon its universal mind.

When the very narrow range of these compositions is considered, their variety, as well as their simplicity, will excite admiration. The poet in Spain is no heir of creation, calling "the world—the world!" his own. His enthusiasm is fettered by civil and religious despotism: all the sublimer aspirations of his genius are suppressed. It is strange he should have done so much when he could do nothing without fear and awe; and the inquirer asks,—what might he not have done if the highest and noblest themes of song had not been banned and barred to his imagination?

This volume can aspire to nothing but that unobtrusive character which distinguished most of the names which head its pages, though a great part of the whole is unhonoured by a name. Lope de

Vega said of the romances of his country, that they were "Iliads without a Homer." He might have meant as much to celebrate the modesty of the author as the merit of the work.

In my mind these compositions are blended with very sweet thoughts of the past,—thoughts, alas! which may no longer associate themselves with the future. In Spain I have passed many happy days, —to Spaniards I owe many delightful recollections. My estimation of the Spanish character, my hopes of Spanish regeneration, have not been shaken by the disasters which have filled some minds with disappointment, and others with despair. I wish to record this confidence in the day of adversity.

It may be proper to observe that a few of the poems in this volume have been printed, with the original Spanish text, in the London Magazine.

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ANCIENT
POETRY AND ROMANCES
OF
SPAIN.

ALONSO DE ALCAUDETE.

LOVE'S FIRST KISSES.

"A aquel caballero madre."

"MOTHER! to yonder noble youth
I send three kisses of my own,
Which he shall have, when I am grown.

"This was the earliest gift of youth,
My first, first promise—surely I
Must keep the virgin vow of truth.
O yes! I'll keep it faithfully.
That noble youth I'll not deny
Three kisses, mother, of my own,
Which I will give, when I am grown."

'Nay! daughter, nay! such vows as these
Are made to break—that hasty word,
Your inexperience, child! betrays.
Away—away—the thought abhorr'd:
You are devoted to the Lord,
To dwell in convent-cell—alone.'
"No!—he shall have them when I'm grown.

"Mother! I'll not my faith betray:
Had his the promise been, would he—
Would he deceive thy daughter? Nay!
And I will no deceiver be,—
I'd rather die, than faithlessly
Fail in my word. My word's my own—
I'll give him three when I am grown."

'Child, you are young, and wild and weak;
But soon you'll see, and soon believe,
That half the words that women speak,
Are but to flatter and deceive.
Such broken vows give nought to grieve;
They are but careless pebbles thrown'—
"Nay! he shall have them when I'm grown.

"Mother! your frowns are vain:—'tis true
The world may laugh at passion's vow,—
The world may honour's knot undo:—
But I'm untaught in perjury now;
I'll not betray,—I know not how.
My heart is his,—and his alone:
I'll give it him,—when I am grown."

Burgos. Date unknown.

THE VILE ONE.

" Llamabale la doncella."

THE maiden called him,
And the vile one replied,
" I must tend my flocks by the mountain side."

" Come hither, unknown one,
  Beloved of mine;
Why wander, thou lone one?
  For I will be thine."
——" Thou canst not be mine,'
The vile one replied:
" I must tend my flocks by the mountain side.'

" Whither, wanderer, art thou straying?
  Gentle shepherd, tarry here,—
Thy flocks are on the mountain playing:
  Love me as I love thee, dear!"
——" I have no love to confer,"
The vile one replied:
" I must tend my flocks by the mountain side."

" Thou must not leave me: come and share
  My cottage,—far from all alarms;

For sorrow never enters there,
  And peace invites us to her arms."
——" Thy love has for me no charms,"
The vile one replied:
" I must tend my flocks by the mountain side."

" O by thy faith, be gentle, swain;
  Unkindest thoughts thy looks impart:—
For I must own, thy love's cold chain
  Has twined its links around my heart."
——" And thou must bear its smart,"
The vile one replied:
" I must tend my flocks by the mountain side."

" Come hither, swain! O come to me,
  And frown not:—whispering I will say,
That since my eye first glanced on thee,
  My bosom's peace is fled away."
——" I 'll not submit to folly's sway,"
The vile one replied:
" I go to my flocks on the mountain side."

Burgos. Date unknown.

BALTASAR DEL ALCAZAR.

SLEEP.

" No es el sueño cierto lance."

SLEEP is no servant of the will,
It has caprices of its own:
When most pursued,—'tis swiftly gone;
When courted least,—it lingers still.
With its vagaries long perplext,
I turned, and turned my restless sconce,
Till one bright night, I thought at once
I'd master it;—so hear my text!

When sleep will tarry I begin
My long and my accustomed prayer;
And in a twinkling sleep is there,
Through my bed-curtains peeping in.
When sleep hangs heavy on my eyes,
I think of debts I fain would pay;
And then, as flies night's shade from day,
Sleep from my heavy eyelids flies.

And thus controll'd, the winged one bends
Ev'n his fantastic will to me;

And, strange yet true, both I and he
Are friends,—the very best of friends.
We are a happy, wedded pair,
And I the lord and he the dame;
Our bed,—our board,—our hours the same
And we're united every where.

I'll tell you where I learnt to school
This wayward sleep:—a whispered word
From a church-going hag I heard,—
And tried it,—for I was no fool.
So from that very hour I knew,
That having ready prayers to pray,
And having many debts to pay,
Will serve for sleep and waking too.

Fernandez, vol. xviii. p. 156.

WOMAN'S JEALOUSY.

Ningun hombre se llame desdichado.

TALK not to me of all the frowns of fate,
Or adverse fortune; nor offend my ears
With tales of slavery's suffering in Algiers,
Nor galley's chains, heavy, disconsolate.
Speak not to me of fetter'd maniacs' woes,
Nor proud one from his glory tumbled down:
Dimm'd honour,—friend-abandon'd,—broken crown:
These may be heavy sorrows; but who knows
To bend his head beneath the storms of life
With holy patience,—he the shock will bear,
And see the thundering clouds disperse away.
But give to mortal man a jealous wife,—
Then misery,—galleys,—fetters,—frowns,—despair,—
Loss,—shame,—dishonour,—folly:—What are they?

Correo Literario de Sevilla, 1806.

VISCONDE DE ALTAMIRA.

PRESENCE AND ABSENCE.

"Con dos ciudados guerreo."

Two separate woes my peace invade,
  And mingle misery in my lot:
One, when I see thee, charming maid!
  The other, when I see thee not.

When thou art near, my smiling fair!
  I sink beneath love's crushing pain;
When thou art absent, I despair
  I may not see thy smiles again.
And thus a gloom that mourns afraid,
  Or vain desire, o'ershades my lot:
Whether I see thee, charming maid!
  Or, exiled from thee, see thee not.

Cancionero de Valencia, 1511, p. 127.

ANONYMOUS.

LET US GO TO BETHLEHEM.

"Llevadme, niño, à Belen."

CARRY me, babe! to Bethlem now,
  For I would look on Thee, my God!
Thou art alone my goal,—and Thou,
  Thou to that goal the only road.

From my deep slumbers bid me wake;
  Call me,—no evil shall betide me:
  Give me thy heavenly hand to guide me,
And I shall not heaven's way mistake.
So shall I straight to Bethlem go,
  Where I shall look on Thee, my God!
Thou art alone my goal,—and Thou,
  Thou to that goal the only road.

Though I'm oppress'd with want and woe,
  Though I am clad in garments torn,
  Though I'm a wanderer lost and lorn,—
Guide me, my God! where'er I go.
Bring me, I pray, to Bethlem now,
  Where I may look on Thee, my God!
Thou art alone my goal, and Thou,
  Thou to that goal my only road.

M. S. Böhl. vol. ii. No. 394.

THE KNIGHT'S COMPLAINT.

"Triste estaba el Caballero."

SAD was the noble cavalier,—
Sad, and without a smile was he;
With many a sigh, and many a tear,
He loudly wailed his misery.
"O what has driven me, my dear!
O what has driven me from thee?
How can I live in exile here,
So far from all felicity?
While memory's eyes, in vision clear,
By night and day thy image see,
And nought is left but shadows drear
Of love's departed ecstasy.
O absence sad! O fate severe!
How busy fancy sports with me,
And to the sweet maid's worshipper
Paints the sweet maid resplendently.
Then bitter woe seems bitterer;
In vain I strive with destiny,
And seek through passion's waves to steer,
For I am lost in passion's sea!"

Cancionero de Valencia, 1511, p. 135.

WHAT WILL THEY SAY OF YOU AND ME?

"¿ Que de vos y de mi, Señora,
que de vos y de mi diràn ?"

WHAT of you and me, my lady,
What will they say of you and me?

They will say of you, my gentle lady,
Your heart is love and kindness' throne—
And it becomes you to confer it
On him who gave you all his own:—
And that as now, both firm and faithful,
So will you ever, ever be—
What of you and me, my lady,
What will they say of you and me?

They will say of me, my gentle lady,
That I for you all else forgot:—
And heaven's dark vengeance would have
scathed me,
Its darkest vengeance—had I not.
My love! what envy will pursue us,
Thus link'd in softest sympathy—
What of you and me, my lady,
What will they say of you and me?

They will say of you, my gentle lady,
A thousand things,—in praises sweet—
That other maidens may be lovely—
But none *so* lovely and discreet.
They will wreathe for you the crown of beauty,
And you the queen of love shall be—
What of you and me, my lady,
What will they say of you and me?

They will say of me, my gentle lady,
That I have found a prize divine—
A prize too bright for toils so trifling,
So trifling as these toils of mine;
And that from heights so proud and lofty,
Deeper the fall is wont to be—
What of you and me, my lady,
What will they say of you and me?

Cancionero de Amberes, 1559, p. 396.

WHO WILL PITY ME?

"Si muero en tierras agenas."

If I in foreign lands should die,
Far from the scenes of infancy,
Who, who will pity me?

If in this exile dark and drear,
To which my fate has doom'd me now,
I should unnoticed die—what tear,
What tear of sympathy will flow?
For I have sought an exile's woe,
And fashioned my own misery:
Who then will pity me?

Then thou wilt weep—but late—for thou
Art far away if I should die;
And Death, with frowns upon his brow,
Seems calling me impatiently;
To whose fond bosom shall I fly,
For thou wilt far divided be—
Who then will pity me?

Yes! I shall die—for thou art far,
Far from my eye though near my thought,
Die where no weeping mourners are—
No mourners—none—for thou art not:
How different there thy minstrel's lot,

Far from the scenes of infancy—
Who then shall pity me?

He dealt no mercy,—where should he,
O! where should he sweet mercy seek?
He was his own heart's enemy—
O! why to him should friendship speak?
They who love's holy bondage break,
Will feel its vengeful enmity:
Who, who shall pity me?

Cancionero de Amberes, 1557, p. 399.

A TRUER LOVE AT HOME.

"Ya no quiero amores."

My love, no more to England,
  To England now shall roam,
For I have a better, sweeter love,
  Yes! a truer love at home.

I want no fair-cheek'd damsel there,
  To bind me in love again;
To seek a cold and distant fair
  Were time employ'd in vain:
So then in search of Cupid
  I'll not to England roam,
For I have a better, sweeter love,
  Yes! a truer love at home.

If I should visit England,
  I'll hope to find them true:
For a love like mine deserves a wreath,
  Green and immortal too.
But O they are proud, those English dames,
  To all who thither roam;
And I have a better, sweeter love,
  Yes! a truer love at home.

Cancionero de Amberes, 1555, p. 390.

I CANNOT LOVE THIS ENGLAND.

"Ay! Dios de mi tierra."

God of my country! hear me,
  And let me hence remove:
Alas! alas! this England
  I can no longer love.

God of the best, the brightest,
  The dearest spot of earth,
Where thou hast loved to scatter
  Thy gifts of joy and mirth,
See how in gloom I wander,
  How mournfully I rove:
Alas! alas! this England
  I can no longer love.

What sins have I committed,
  What duties left undone,
That they are all recorded,
  And punished every one?
Did I not leave my country?
  And did not Heaven reprove?
Alas! alas! this England
  I can no longer love.

Ah me! that gloomy misery
  With other miseries blends;
'Tis like a pang infernal
  That never, never ends:
'Twere better far to perish
  Than conscience' pangs to prove.
Alas! alas! this England
  I can no longer love.

O who can bid the sorrows
  That crush the soul depart?
O who can think of blessings
  When curses scathe the heart?
One—one alone petition—
  God! let me hence remove:
Alas! alas! this England
  I can no longer love.

Cancionero de Amberes, 1555, p. 390.

ZEPHYR! GENTLY BLOW.

"Mientras duerme mi niña."

WHILE my lady sleepeth,
  Zephyr, gently blow:
Wake her not, I pray thee,
  Lest she wake to woe.

Gently blow, gay Zephyr!
  Noiseless be thy tread—
Glide on wings of silence
  O'er her slumbering head.
Breathe as through the pearl-drops
  Hung on twilight's bed,
Where thou lov'st to linger
  Where thou lov'st to blow:—
Wake her not, I pray thee,
  Lest she wake to woe.

Wake her not—she slumbers—
  Peace is on her breast.
O, would I deprive her
  Of one dream of rest?
No!—but how I envy,
  How I deem thee blest,
Who, my gentle lady,
  Tranquillizest so.
Wake her not, I pray thee,
  Lest she wake to woe.

Romancero General, 1604, p. 207.

ON MY LAP HE SLEPT.

"A la sombra de mis cabellos."

On my lap he slept, and my raven hair
Shelter'd him from the sunbeams there.
Love! shall I rouse him to tell him so?
O no! O no!

I comb'd my raven locks with care,
For he oft on their tresses smil'd;
And they were scatter'd by breezes wild,
Breezes which stole the fairest too—
He was fann'd by those breezes; my raven hair
Shelter'd him from the sunbeams there;
Love! shall I wake him to tell him so?
O no! O no!

He call'd me cruel—but if he knew
This heart of mine——I heard him say,
My raven locks, and my chesnut hue,
Were his life's charm, and his life's decay.
Siren!—he cried—and then he flew
To my lap, where he slept, and my raven hair
Shelter'd him from the sunbeams there.
Love! shall I rouse him and tell him so?
O no! O no!

Primavera y flor de Romances de varios Poetas,
Madrid, 1623. P. 46.

GARLANDS OF SPRING TIME.

"Verde primavera."

O THOU gay spring time,
  Cover'd with flowers,
Crown with thy garlands
  Passion like ours.

Crown with white lilies,
  Jasmines, and roses;
Every gay floweret
  That odour discloses—
Violets, vervains,
  Pinks, and all flowers;
Crown with your garlands
  Passion like ours.

The tresses of gold
  That imprison the soul,
The bright suns of heaven
  In glory that roll;
While I weep o'er my sorrows,
  And gather sweet flowers—
O crown with their garlands
  Passion like ours.

That forehead serene,
  Where love sits confest,
Adorn with the zephyrs
  And balm of the East.
Adorn that bright temple
  With incense of flowers—
And crown with thy garland
  Passion like ours.

Romancero de Pedro Arias Perez, 1650, p. 190.

THE GIPSY'S BLESSING.

"Aqueste Domingo."

It was on the sabbath,
'Twas past morning-tide,
She went to the meadow,
The blooming young bride:
With flowerets and jewels
In splendour she shone,
But brighter and fairer
In grace of her own.
I look'd on Jacinta,
Her footsteps were light,
Her black eyes were sparkling—
Those black eyes so bright.
A gipsy address'd her,
Both cheerful and young;
Her smile was attractive,
And graceful her tongue:
"Charming, lovely countenance,
A welcome is thine—
Lovely, charming countenance,
Take this welcome of mine;
And let the poor gipsy
Thy gentleness prove.
Thy bright eyes are sparkling,
Fair maiden! with love.

Three Johns and one Pedro
  Are pining for thee:
Twice thou shalt be wedded,
  And twice happily."
She look'd on her jewels,
  She shook with affright,
She fear'd lest their lustre
  Should avarice invite,
And with tremulous mandate
  She bid her begone:
But the resolute gipsy
  Still smiled and talk'd on.
" Charming, lovely countenance,
  A welcome is thine.

" Cheeks fair as roses,
  Turn not away;
Let those bright eye-balls
  No anger betray."
The bride gave her silver;
  The gipsy then took
Her white hand of ivory—
  There fixing her look,
She cross'd it, and utter'd—
  " Two sons shall be thine,
And one shall sing to thee
  The mass all divine;
And the other a captain
  Of valour shall be,
Beloved by all maidens,
  And worthy of thee.

And thou shalt be happy;
  Disease may annoy—
It twice shall annoy thee—
  But shall not destroy.
Long life shall await thee—
  Long life and strong health—
And fortune shall give thee
  Her torrents of wealth."

She said and departed,
  And nothing she took—
For who could o'ershadow
  That innocent look?
She turn'd to the village
  Delighted and gay,
Albanio and Tirsis
  Were chanting this lay:
'Charming, lovely countenance,
  A welcome is thine."

Primavera de varios Romances,
Valencia, 1644, p. 28.

O FATHER FRIAR!

"Siempre Fray Carrillo estas."

O FATHER friar! who can tell
How much thou dost torment us here?
Would I could in thy convent dwell,
For thou art never there!

M.S. Böhl, N. 611.

UNREQUITED LOVE.

"Di Juan de que murió Blas."

SAY, Juan, say, of what he died?—
So young, so pensive, and so fair!
Of unrequited love he died—

What said he, shepherd?—thou wert there
When death stood threatening at his side:—
—That of his pains the saddest pain
Was—he could not that pain declare—
He would not speak of that again.
Poor youth! he had been scorn'd by pride—
Of unrequited love he died!

And when he felt his failing breath
Grow weak—what said he of his doom?
—That there are pains far worse than death,
And he had known them—thoughts of gloom
Seem'd to hang round him towards the tomb—
Some things he said—and none replied—
Of unrequited love he died!

And when the last, last throb drew nigh,
Before the fluttering spirit fled?
—Soon, soon the pilgrim will be dead:
But there are thoughts which cannot die.
No more he felt, no more he said;—
He sleeps upon the valley's side—
Of unrequited love he died!

Burgos. (Date unknown.)

THE TWO STREAMLETS.

"Encontrandose dos arroyuelos."

Two little streams o'er plains of green
Roll gently on—the flowers between,
But each to each defiance hurls—
All their artillery are pearls.
They foam, they rage, they shout,—and then
Sink in their silent beds again.
And melodies of peace are heard
From many a gay and joyous bird.

I saw a melancholy rill
Burst meekly from a clouded hill,
Another roll'd behind—in speed
An eagle, and in strength a steed;
It reach'd the vale, and overtook
Its rival in the deepest nook;
And each to each defiance hurls—
All their artillery are pearls.
They foam, they rage, they shout,—and then
Rest in their silent beds again.

And if two little streamlets break
The law of love for passion's sake,
How then should I a rival see,
Nor be inflamed by jealousy?
For is not love a mightier power
Than mountain stream, or mountain shower?

Primavera de Romances, p. 57, Madrid, 1623.

EMBLEM.

"Que producirá mi Dios."

What shall the land produce, that thou
Art watering, God! so carefully?
"Thorns to bind around my brow,
Flowers to form a wreath for thee."
Streams from such a hand that flow
Soon shall form a garden fair!
"Yes! but different wreaths shall grow
From the plants I water there."
Tell me who, my God! shall wear,
Wear the garlands round their brow?
"I the wreath of thorns shall bear,
And the flowery garland thou."

Böhl, N. 49.

THE LOVER TO THE MOON.

"Ay luna que reluces."

Moon! that shinest out so bright,
With a pale and silvery light,
Guide my maiden through the night,
Guide my fair maid!
Moon, that shinest out so bright,
Guide my maiden through the night!

Romancero General, 1604.

MAIDEN'S INDISCRETION.

"Bullicioso era el arroyuelo."

Noisy was the streamlet, mother;
It stain'd me as I pass'd—
The wave is fled—O fear no other,—
That danger was the last!

The streamlet roll'd in treacherous hour,
Mother, it gaily roll'd;
With sparkling gem and smiling flower,
Like a living thing of gold:
And I sought to pass the streamlet, mother;
It stain'd me as I pass'd—
That wave is fled—O fear no other,—
That danger was the last.

It idled along, and in devious way,
Midst rocks and rushes to roam;
And its voice was like a minstrel's song
Which whisper'd gently—"come!"
And I trusted to the illusion, mother;
It stain'd me as I pass'd—
That wave is fled—O fear no other,—
That danger was the last.

My kerchief white was wetted there,
  While the stream roll'd smiling on;
And the flowers which on its border were,
  When I look'd again were gone.
I'll stay—I'll stay in our village, mother,
  For it stained me as I past—
That wave is fled—O fear no other,—
  That danger was the last.

Romancero General, 2d part, p. 81.

COUNT, AND THOU ART CALLED TO DIE.

"Pesame de vos el Conde."

COUNT, and thou art call'd to die,
O! it grieves my soul to see:—
Thou hast err'd—but yet I thought
Pardon might be found for thee.
For the errors love commits
For love's sake might pardon'd be;
Suppliant, I implored the king—
Suppliant, for thy liberty:
But he turn'd with frowns away,
And with angry words from me,
Said the sentence had been given—
Could not be revoked—for he
Would not clear the Infanta's guard,
Who had stolen her chastity.

Youth!—who trusts to woman's words,
Is by pain rewarded well;
He who sacrificest most,
Shall the longest sorrows tell:
Death, or shame, or ruin, Count!
Still with woman's favour dwell,
And their fairest smile of heaven
Soon becomes a frown from hell!

Nay, sir knight!—O say not so!
  Words like these I'll ne'er forgive—
For I'd rather die for them
  Than without their favours live.

Cancionero General de Valencia, 1511, p. 131.

THE CONDEMNED KNIGHT.

"Decid me vos pensamiento."

Tell me, my busy thoughts, O tell,
  Whither are fled my troubling woes?
Whence was that voice of peace and joy
  That loud in my silent breast arose?
Say—are the captive's fetters riven?
  Say—do his days of sorrow close?
Say—does some light of comfort come
  From where thy plaint of darkness goes?
No! for no captive's chains are riven—
  No! for no days of sorrow close—
No! for no light of comfort comes
  From where thy plaint of darkness goes.
'Tis the fair dawn of Juan's day,
  Bright o'er the morning hills it rose,
And on the forehead of content
  All its gay streams of bliss it throws;
But to the wretched mourning ones
  Darker it makes their wants and woes.

Hapless one! why should I talk to thee?
  Thou to the changing world art dead;
Thou wert the vain world's glory once—
  Now is thy glory perished.

And thou must die: some envy thee,
  Others shall pity's dew-drop shed:
Thou wilt die bravely—fear and shame
  Never shall bend thy noble head—
And they shall say—" for faults like his
  Why was he to the scaffold led?"

Cancionero de Valencia, 1511, p. 134.

DEAR MAID OF HAZEL BROW.

"Miro a mi morena."

DEAR maid of hazel brow!
  O what a sight to see
Thy fingers pull the bough
  Of the white jasmine tree!

Delighted I look on,
  And watch thy sparkling eye,
And charm'd, yet woe-begone,
  I sigh, and then—I sigh.
O, I 'll retire, and now
  I 'll not disquiet thee:
Dear maid of hazel brow!
  Do as thou wilt with me,
And pluck the happy bough
  Of the white jasmine tree.

Amidst the flowers, sweet maid!
  I saw her footsteps trip—
And, lo! her cheeks array'd
  In crimson from her lip.
Bright, graceful girl! I vow
  'Twould be heaven's bliss to be,
Dear maid of hazel brow!
  Crown'd with a wreath by thee—
A wreath—the emerald bough
  Of the white jasmine tree.

Romancero de Amberes, 1604, p. 177.

WHERE SHALL I GO, OF HER BEREFT?

"En el monte la pastora."

She left me on the mountain's side,
Alas! she left:
Where shall I go, of her bereft?

She saw me mourning, yet she fled;
She wended round the mountain's brow,
And, scorning me, her flocks she led
Down to her father's cot below.
She stole my peace, nor seem'd to know
How great the theft:
Where shall I go, of her bereft?

And yet she spoke in lofty tone,
And words of pride: 'twas clear her heart
Nor pity's sway, nor love had known.
"Farewell!" she said, "good knight, depart!"
And so, oppress'd by misery's smart,
My thoughts she left:
Where shall I go, of her bereft?

Böhl, No. 230.

FOUNT OF FRESHNESS!

"Fonte frida, fonte frida."

FOUNT of freshness! fount of freshness!
  Fount of freshness and of love!
Where the little birds of spring-time
  Seek for comfort as they rove;
All except the widow'd turtle—
  Widow'd, sorrowing turtle-dove.

There the nightingale, the traitor!
  Linger'd on his giddy way;
And these words of hidden treachery
  To the dove I heard him say:
"I will be thy servant, lady!
  I will ne'er thy love betray."

"Off! false-hearted!—vile deceiver!
  Leave me, nor insult me so:
Dwell I, then, midst gaudy flowrets?
  Perch I on the verdant bough?
Even the waters of the fountain
  Drink I dark and troubled now.
Never will I think of marriage—
  Never break the widow-vow.

"Had I children they would grieve me,
They would wean me from my woe:
Leave me, false one!—thoughtless traitor!—
Base one!—vain one!—sad one!—go!
I can never, never love thee—
I will never wed thee—no!"

Cancionero de Valencia, 1511, p. 133.

I WAS A MOORISH MAID.

"Yo mo era Mora Moraima."

I WAS a Moorish maid, Moraima,
I was a Moorish maiden fair,
And to my door there came a Christian—
How he came to deceive me there!
But when he spoke 'twas Algaraby *—
There I stood, and in strange alarm:
"Open the door, thou Moorish maiden,
Alla shall guard thee, maid, from harm!
Open! for I 'm the Moor Mazote,
I am thy mother's brother dear,
And I have slain a christian traitor;
Open, I pray! th' *alcalde* †'s near:
If thou refuse me thou wilt see me
Murder'd by my pursuers here."
This when I heard I roused me quickly,
Rose me up from my bed of rest,
Wrapp'd my *almeji* ‡ around me,
For I had lost my silken vest,
Sprung to the door and flung it open,
Open'd it wide——

Cancionero de Valencia, 1511, p. 135.

* Arabic. † Magistrate.
‡ Loose Moorish garment.

'TWAS IN THE MONTH OF MAY.

"Que por Mayo, era por Mayo."

'Twas in the month of May,—of May,
The month of calm and gentle heat,
When the young lover hastes away
To serve his love with tribute meet.
Yes! all but I—poor wretched one!
Who moan within this dungeon drear,
And know not when the night is done,
Nor when the evening stars appear.
Oft the day-waking notes I heard
Of a sweet bird that hail'd the light:
An archer shot that little bird—
O may Heaven's curse that archer blight!

Cancionero de Valencia, 1511, p. 136.

[What follows is another version, derived from a different authority. Their romances are often divided into fragments: various subjects are sometimes blended. The similarity of the *asonantes*, and the traditional manner of their preservation, have often led to great confusion as to their origin, and as to the subject of which they treat.]

THE MONTH OF MAY.

"Por el mes era de Mayo."

It was when the sun put forth his glory,
  It was in the joyous month of May,
When the linnet sings in the greenwood forest,
  And the nightingale answers his roundelay:
It was when love exerts its empire,
  And nature to its rule submits,
When all submits but the prison'd minstrel,
  Who is the slave of sorrow's fits.
He knows not when the day is dawning,
  Nor when the night resumes its sway,
Except by a little bird, whose music
  Welcome gives to the dawn of day.
That bird was murder'd by an archer—
  O may Heaven's curse the traitor meet!
Here my untwined and flowing tresses
  Have almost reached my frozen feet.
Naked—my only wretched mantle
  Is my clogg'd beard that wraps me round,
And my claw-like nails my only weapon,
  While I perish on the damp ground.
If 'tis by my good monarch's warrant,
  He is my lord—my master he:

But perhaps 'tis but my gaoler's malice,
  All his unbidden treachery.
O! would some little bird could hear me,
  Could listen to my mournful tale—
Some busy thrush, or sportful linnet,
  Or solitary nightingale,
That had been train'd by gentle woman
  To sympathise with man's distress;
I'd send him to my Leonora,
  In gentle whispers to express
A prayer, that she would convey me hither
  A pick-axe and a silent file;
The bird might bring them 'neath his pinions,
  And cheer me with his music, while
I mined the walls, and filed the irons,
  And hasten'd, like a bird, to flee!—
The monarch heard the sorrowing prisoner,
  And gave that prisoner liberty.

Cancionero de Madrid, 1644, p. 265.

SHE COMES TO GATHER FLOWERS.

"Fertiliza tu vega."

Put on your brightest, richest dress,
  Wear all your gems, blest vales of ours!
My fair one comes in her loveliness,
  She comes to gather flowers.

Garland me wreaths, thou fertile vale!
  Woods of green, your coronets bring;
Pinks of red, and lilies pale,
  Come with your fragrant offering.
Mingle your charms of hue and smell,
  Which Flora wakes in her spring-tide hours;—
My fair one comes across the dell,
  She comes to gather flowers.

Twilight of morn! from thy misty tower
  Scatter the trembling pearls around,
Hang up thy gems on fruits and flower,
  Bespangle the dewy ground!
Phœbus! rest on thy ruby wheels,
  Look, and envy this world of ours,
For my fair one now descends the hills—
  She comes to gather flowers.

List! for the breeze on wing serene
  Through the light foliage sails;
Hidden amidst the forest green
  Warble the nightingales,
Hailing the glorious birth of day
  With music's divinest powers—
Hither my fair one bends her way—
  She comes to gather flowers.

Romancero General, p. 405.

SHE HAD WATCH'D THROUGH THE NIGHT.

"De velar viene la niña."

THE maiden from her vigils came;
She had watch'd through the night.

Tell me, hermit, tell me this,
As you hope for heavenly bliss,
Have you seen in the twilight pass
That which my bosom's treasure was?—
She had watch'd through the night.

Noble knight! may the hermit rue
If he should fail to tell thee true:
Three long hours before 'twas day
Before my cell she wound her way—
She had watch'd through the night.

And her eyes with gushing tears were red;
And the maiden as she pass'd me said,
"Let a curse upon that lover light
Who scorns his oath and breaks his plight!"—
She had watch'd through the night.

"Let a curse upon the traitor sink
Who breaks his promise' faithless link:
And if a woman be betray'd,
A heavier curse light on his head!"—
She had watch'd through the night.

"And let curses too on her descend
Who willing ears to *man* doth lend—
To man—who makes us bow and believe,
Then to desert us and deceive!"—
She had watch'd through the night.

Cancionero de Linares. Böhl, 215

THE MAID FAIRER THAN MORNING.

"El cabello negro."

THAT hair which shrouds
Thy form of snow,
Is like the clouds
On Morning's brow.

But Morning ne'er,
In light array'd,
Was half so fair
As that fair maid,

Whose tresses shroud
Her form of snow,
Like some dark cloud
On Morning's brow.

Rich, raven tresses,
A coronet they
For Love's display
Of lovelinesses.

An ivory neck,
A form of snow—
And smiles to deck
Fair Morning's brow.

Romancero de 1644.

I WILL HAVE NO HUSBAND—NO!

"Dicen que me case yo."

THEY say they'll to my wedding go;
But I will have no husband—no!

I'll rather live serene and still
Upon a solitary hill,
Than bend me to another's will,
And be a slave in weal or woe:
No! I will have no husband—no!

No! mother! I've no wish to prove
The doubtful joys of wedded love—
And from those flowery pathways rove
Where innocence and comfort grow—
No! I will have no husband—no!

And heaven, I'm sure, ne'er meant that he
Should thy young daughter's husband be:
We have no common sympathy—
So let youth's bud unbroken blow—
For I will have no husband—no!

Cancionero de Linares. Böhl, 347.

SAN JUAN'S DAY.

"Que no cogere yo verbena."

I WILL not gather the vervain sweet,
Though 'tis San Juan's day,
For my love is fading away.

I'll seek no pinks in their retreat,
Nor rosemary,—nor rue—
For, ah! with sorrows such as mine—
When hearts are sick, and spirits pine,
What have sweet flowers to do?

Romancero de 1604, p. 327.

COUNT ALARCOS AND THE INFANTA SOLISA.

" Retrayda esta la infanta."

Now the infanta is retired,
  She is retired as wont to be;
She was gloomy and discontented,
  For her life pass'd gloomily;
And all the spring of her days is fading—
  Swiftly the days of spring-time flee—
The king has not espoused his daughter,
  Nor cares about her marriage he:—
To whom shall she unveil her sorrow,
  To whom confide her misery?
She thought of summoning the monarch—
  He her guide was used to be;
And to confess to him her secret
  And her wishes openly.
The king he came when he was summon'd,
  Thither came he hastily,
He found her desolate and gloomy,
  With her grief in secrecy;
And her lovely face was shaded
  With a dark anxiety;
And the monarch soon discover'd
  There was woe and misery.
" What is this, belov'd infanta?
  Daughter! tell thy griefs to me,—

Tell me, tell me all thy sorrows,
  Whence this strange despondency?
Tell me:—when I know thy grievance,
  I shall find a remedy."
"Worthy king, 'tis hard to find it,
  Remedy is none for me.
When my mother died she left me,
  Left me with this charge to thee,
That thou shouldst, good king! betroth me.
  At my age 'twas meet for me.—
'Tis with shame that I require it,
  Shame that strives with modesty;
But these cares are thine, O monarch!
  Cares like these belong to thee!"—
When the king had heard his daughter,
  Thus his daughter answer'd he:
"This has been thy fault, infanta!
  Thine the fault, and blame not me;
Long ago I had espoused thee
  With the Prince of Hungary;
But thou turn'dst away disdainful
  From his suppliant embassy.
Here among our Spanish Cortes,
  There was no nobility:
There was none in all my kingdom
  High enough to wed with thee—
Save alone the Count Alarcos——
  Who had wife and family."
"King! invite the Count Alarcos
  To your table, and from me,

Soon as your repast is over,
  Bid him on his fealty,
Bid him all his vows remember,
  All his pledged sincerity;
Tell him of his plighted promise—
  Promise never forced by me,—
That he would become my husband,
  And that I his wife should be:
I was happy then—and never
  From that hour repented me—
If he married with the countess,
  'Twas his own foul treachery;
When for him I had rejected
  The young Prince of Hungary.
And if he espoused the countess,
  Let him blame himself—not me!"
Hardly could the shuddering monarch
  Check his rising agony;
But his outward thoughts repressing,
  Thus he answer'd angrily:—
" Far, far different were the counsels
  Which thy mother gave to thee,
And my honour, O infanta!
  Thou hast wounded cruelly.
And if this be true, thy honour
  Thou hast wreck'd unblushingly;
For the countess lives—thou never,
  Never canst espoused be;
Honour, justice, my infanta,
  In such nuptials ne'er agree;

Scorn will wait thee, shame attack thee,
  Scorn, and shame, and infamy.
Give me counsels, I entreat thee,
  Mine avail me not—and she—
She thy mother is departed,
  Who was wont to counsel me."
" I will give thee counsel, monarch!
  Let thy guide my counsel be—
Bid the count destroy the countess,—
  No one shall suspect 'twas he;
Let it all abroad be bruited
  That she died of malady;
Then we may arrange our marriage,
  As a thing of novelty:
And, good king! my sacred honour
  Shall from every stain be free."
So the monarch left the infanta,
  Not, as wonted—cheerfully;
But his thoughts were dark and gloomy,
  Tortured by anxiety.
With his knights he found Alarcos,
  Uttering words of gaiety.
" Knights! it is a worthless service,
  At a mistress' feet to be;
Love is but an idle shadow,
  Love—without fidelity.
I at least can claim the honour
  Of affection's constancy.
Faithful when I loved the maiden,
  Faithful though my wife she be;

And if then I loved her dearly,
  Now she is more dear to me.
Knights! there is one faithful union,
  Honest love and memory."—
Here he saw the king approaching,
  And he ended—gallantly
Left the crowd of knights around him,
  Bending to the king his knee.
"Count Alarcos," said the monarch,
  While he hail'd him courteously,
"Thou must be my guest, Alarcos,
  And to-morrow let it be:—
Thou must dine with me to-morrow,—
  Give me thy good company."
"Proud and honour'd, I attend thee,
  Thanks to thy high majesty;"—
And the royal hands saluting,
  Hail their flattering courtesy.—
"Though I had prepared for travel,
  That shall be deferr'd for thee,
Though the countess writes to tell me
  That she waits me anxiously."
Morrow came—the king retiring
  From the mass's mystery,
Sat him down before his table,—
  Little appetite had he;
There he sat in anxious trouble,
  Looking round him restlessly.
They were served with pomp and honour,
  As a mighty king should be:

When the feast was done, the pages
  Left the apartment silently,
And the king and Count Alarcos
  All alone—the monarch, he
Hesitating—trembling—dreading—
  Enter'd on his embassy:
"I have melancholy tidings,
  Tidings sad to thee and me,
Cause have I for loud complaining
  Of the count's discourtesy.
Thou wert pledged to the infanta,
  Though she ask'd no pledge of thee;
Thou wert sworn to be her husband,
  She was sworn thy wife to be.
What besides has pass'd between ye,
  Need not be divulged by me;
But what I require, Alarcos,
  Thou wilt hear with agony.
Count! thou must destroy the countess,
  This my honour asks of thee,
And let it be straight reported
  That she died of malady.
So you shall arrange your marriage
  As a thing of novelty;
And my well-beloved daughter
  Of dishonour shall be free."
When the monarch ceased, Alarcos
  Answer'd thus respectfully:
"Truly has the infanta spoken,
  She has spoken verity.

Why deny it? her confessions
  Are but truth and honesty.
If I broke my promise, monarch!
  'Twas from my respect for thee;
For I never dared imagine
  Thou so high wouldst honour me:
Sire! I'll marry the infanta,
  At thy mandate, cheerfully;
But, Sire! to destroy the countess—
  That can never, never be.
She deserves not death—death never
  Fell on one so pure as she."
" Yes! good count! her death is needful
  For my honour and for me;
Wherefore, when thou didst espouse her,
  Didst thou act with treachery.
If thou do not slay the countess,
  Thou the sacrifice shalt be—
Count—for monarchs' sacred honour,
  Many perish guiltlessly.
And the countess' death has nothing
  Of such wondrous mystery."
" I will kill her, king! but never
  Let the crime be laid on me;
Thou shalt make the account with heaven,
  When thy death-hour visits thee.
I have sworn I will destroy her,
  By the vows of chivalry.
If I fail—the recreant's curses,
  Traitor's vengeance, light on me;

Yes! I will destroy the countess,
  Though no taint of crime has she.
King!—'tis settled—my departure
  Only waits a word from thee."
"Go with God! good Count Alarcos,
  Go—prepare thee speedily."—
Weeping, mounts the Count Alarcos;
  Weeping bitterest tears is he,—
Weeping for his wife devoted,
  Whom he loved so tenderly;
Weeping for his infant children—
  Infant children there were three;
One was yet a helpless baby,
  Nursed upon his mother's knee;
Nurses three had bared their bosoms,
  He rejected all the three;
For he knew his tender mother,
  And upon her breast would be.
All the rest were little children,
  Thoughtless, careless, gay, and free.
Ere the count had reach'd his dwelling,
  This was his soliloquy:—
"Who thy face of joy, my countess,
  Who thy face of joy can see;
Hastening with thy cheerful welcome—
  At thy life's extremity!
Wretched I!—the sad—the guilty—
  All this shame shall light on me."—
Here he saw the countess coming,
  With her smile of gaiety;

For her little page had told her,
  He had told her that 'twas he.
When she saw the Count Alarcos,
  Looking so despondingly,
With his eyelids swoln and sleepless,
  Dull with grief and misery;
All his way he had been weeping
  For his murderous embassy.
"Welcome, welcome!" cried the countess,
  "Thou, my life's felicity!
Count, what ails thee—count, what ails thee?
  Why dost weep so mournfully?
All thy countenance is alter'd—
  I had even mistaken thee:
These are looks to thee a stranger—
  All thy smiles departed be:
Tell thy sorrow, tell thy sorrow,
  As thou tell'st thy joy to me.
Tell me, charm of my existence!
  Tell me, tell me speedily."
"I will tell thee all, my countess,
  When the proper hour shall be."
"Tell me, count, or I shall perish
  Under my anxiety."
"Cease to plague me now, my countess,
  All shall soon be told to thee:
Let the supper be provided,
  What there is, and instantly."
"All is ready, Count Alarcos,
  Ready as 'tis used to be."

Down they sat to sup together,
  Little appetite had he;
All his infant sons sat round him,
  For he loved them tenderly.
Then he bent him on his forehead,
  As if sleeping weariedly;
And his tears bedew'd the table,
  Flowing from his mournful ee.
Towards him turns the tender countess,
  Ignorant of all was she;
Speak she dared not—he had sternly
  Check'd her curiosity.
But at last he rose impatient:
  "I would fain repose," said he.
And the countess utter'd briefly,
  "I too will repose with thee."
There was no repose between them,
  If I tell the verity.
So they went, the count and countess,
  To the accustom'd dormit'ry:
Next they sent away the children;
  So the count would have it be:
Save the tender little nursling,
  Sleeping on its mother's knee.
Then the count—a thing unusual—
  Closed the portal carefully;
And these accents, faint and smother'd,
  Soon unveil'd his agony:
"O thou miserable countess,
  Dreadful is thy misery."

"Count! O no! I deem'd me happy,
  I am happy still with thee;
Am I not thy wife?—and nothing
  Can be misery now to me."
"Yes! thou art my wife, my countess!
  Wretched is thy destiny.
Countess, know, in earlier seasons,
  Other love had fetter'd me.
'Twas the infanta—yes! I loved her,
  Luckless lot for me and thee;
And to her I pledged my promise,
  And that promise pledged her: she
Now demands me for her husband,
  On my vow of constancy:
Well indeed she may require it,
  On my truth and honesty;
And the king her father claims me—
  He has heard our history.
He has order'd—ah! the mandate
  Scathes my soul with misery—
He has order'd thou must perish!—
  Thou art in extremity.
For his honour must be tainted,
  While thy life is spared to thee."
To the earth the countess bent her,
  Bent her in her agony—
Fainted—till at last recover'd,
  This she utter'd mournfully:
"Thus, then, thus am I rewarded
  For my fond fidelity.

Kill me not—a better counsel
  I would offer, count, to thee;
Send me to my native dwelling,
  Where I pass'd my infancy;
I will educate your children,
  Lead them—love them tenderly,
And preserve to thee, as ever,
  An unbroken chastity."
"Thou must die—must die, my countess,
  Ere the morn wakes smilingly."
"It were well, my Count Alarcos,
  Well—if there were none but me;
But I have an aged father—
  (O! my mother tranquilly
Sleeps in death). My brother Garcia,
  He was murder'd cruelly—
He, the noble count, was murder'd
  For the king's dark jealousy.
Death afflicts me not—for mortal,
  Mortal I was born to be—
But my children's fate afflicts me,
  They must lose my company:
Let them come and take my blessing,
  They my last farewell must see."
"Never shalt thou see them, countess,
  Earth has no such bliss for thee;
But embrace thy smiling infant,
  Now condemn'd to orphancy:
Miserable is my duty—
  'Tis the excess of misery.

Vain is all my wish, my lady,
  Though I gave my life for thee—
'Tis thy doom—so now commend thee
  To the Eternal Deity."
" Let me utter one petition,
  One—in all humility."
" Countess, ere the dawn of morning
  Pour thy offering speedily."
" Soon it will be said, Alarcos,
  Sooner than an Ave Marie."
This was her petition, bending
  In the dust her trembling knee:
" Father, humbly I commend me,
  I commit my soul to Thee:
Judge me not by what I merit,
  Judge me, Lord! benignantly;
By thy grace and gentle mercy,
  And thy love's benignity!
Count—my count—the prayer is utter'd,
  Utter'd as 'twas wont to be;
To thee I commend our children,
  Born in love 'twixt me and thee.
And while life is thine, Alarcos,
  Pour thy prayers to heaven for me—
If thou art compell'd to slay me,
  Count! I perish guiltlessly:
Let me nurse that little infant,
  Smiles my farewell then shall be."
" O! disturb him not, my countess,
  He is sleeping tranquilly:

Pardon—for the day is breaking,
  Pardon me! O pardon me!"—
" Thou art pardon'd, Count Alarcos,
  For the love I bore to thee;
But the monarch and the infanta
  Never shall they pardon'd be.
They to justice shall be summon'd,
  Shall be summon'd speedily
At the dreadful bar of heaven
  Ere the thirtieth day shall flee."
While she utter'd this, Alarcos
  Seized the countess forcibly—
By her throat a time he held her
  With a toga cruelly;
Press'd her with his hands, applying
  All his strength—nor let her free
While a spark of life remained:
  So she perish'd horribly.
When he saw she had departed—
  Ceased the dying agony—
Straight he stripp'd her of her garments,
  All she wore, and hurriedly
Laid her on her bed as wonted,
  Sleeping as she used to be;
Naked then he lay beside her—
  'Twas a moment's history.
Then he roused him—shouting loudly
  To his gathering servants—" See,
See the countess is expiring!
  Help her, help her speedily!"

'Twas too late—in vain all succour,
  Dead beyond relief was she:
So she died, and most unjustly,
  Cruelly and secretly.
But the rest ere long all follow'd
  Ere the thirty days did flee:
On the twelfth the vile infanta,
  Stretch'd upon her bier we see;
Twenty-five, the monarch's portion;
  On the thirtieth, perish'd he—
He, the count:—they all departed,
  Summon'd to eternity!
Here may God in grace preserve us,
  There reward us gloriously.

SHEPHERDESS OF EARLY SPRING TIDE.

"Zagaleja de lo verde."

SHEPHERDESS of early spring-tide,
With thy look of innocence;
God be with thee, gentle maiden!
For I wend me far from hence.

With my flocks I quit for ever
These sweet vales, fair maid! Alas
Thou wilt see me slumbering never
'Midst the flowers, and on the grass.
Time from all these joys shall sever
Which made time so gaily pass.
Music's charm and song's endeavour
Cease—sighs break where gladness was.

On the snow-o'ermantled mountain
Shall my bed of silence be;
By the beech-tree, near the fountain,
I will dwell and think of thee.
'Neath the cypress, dark and shady,
Long my mournful vigils keep,
Never through the night-tides, lady!
Shall these eyelids cease to weep.

When the crippling frost is stalking
  O'er the palsied earth—I'll go
With the moon unsocial walking:
  Sending thoughts to thee, and woe.
Waking dreams of vanish'd sweetness,
  Watching in thy solitude;
Nought but heaven to be my witness,
  And the birdlets of the wood.

Cancionero de Juan de Linares. *Böhl,* 195.

WHO'LL BUY A HEART?

"Pues que no me sabeis dar."

Poor heart of mine! tormenting heart!
  Long hast thou teazed me—thou and I
May just as well agree to part.
  Who'll buy a heart? who'll buy? who'll buy?

They offer'd three testoons—but, no!
  A faithful heart is cheap at more:
'Tis not of those that wandering go,
  Like mendicants from door to door.
Here's prompt possession—I might tell
  A thousand merits; come and try;—
I have a heart—a heart to sell:
  Who'll buy a heart? who'll buy? who'll buy?

How oft beneath its folds lay hid
  The gnawing viper's tooth of woe—
Will no one buy? will no one bid?
  'Tis going now. Yes! it must go!
So little offer'd—it were well
  To keep it yet—but, no! not I,
I have a heart—a heart to sell:
  Who'll buy a heart? who'll buy? who'll buy?

I would 'twere gone! for I confess
  I 'm tired—and longing to be freed;
Come, bid, fair maiden! more or less—
  So good—and very cheap indeed.
Once more—but once—I cannot dwell
  So long—'tis going—going—fie!
No offer—I 've a heart to sell:
  Who 'll buy a heart? who 'll buy? who 'll buy?

O I SHALL LOVE THEE!

"Zagala di que haras."

"SHEPHERDESS, say, what wilt thou do,
When thou shalt find me far removed?"
—"O I shall love thee fond and true,
Better than I have ever loved."
"Ere I am sunder'd far from thee,
Say, do my sorrows wound thy breast?"
—"Shepherd, the farewell's misery
Cannot in idle words be drest."
"Tell me thy thoughts, thy feelings too,
Thou who my sorrows' balm hast proved."
"O I shall love thee, fond and true,
Better than I have ever loved."

"Tell me, my glory, when I am fled,
What wilt thou do when thinking of me?"
"I will follow thy fancied shade,
Wheresoever I follow'd thee."
"But if thy disappointed view
Seek a shade from thy thoughts removed?"
"O! I will love thee, fond and true,
Better than I have ever loved."

"How shall I credit thee?—how conceive
That thou wilt love as loving now?"
"Silly shepherd, O rather believe
Absence fans the lover's glow."
"Heavenly sounds! sure one who knew
Love's art so well ne'er faithless proved!"
No! I will love thee, fond and true,
Dearer than I have ever loved."

Cancionero de Linares, p. 143.

WHERE ART THOU, LADY?

" Donde estas Señora mia."

O WHERE art thou, and what art thou,
Lady! that hast no pity now?
Canst thou, canst thou be deaf to me,—
Canst thou a perjured recreant be?
There was a time when I had found
  Compassion for the slighest pain;
While now, ev'n for a mortal wound,
  I seek a pitying thought in vain.

Romancero General. Madrid, 1604, p. 148.

MY ORNAMENTS ARE ARMS.

"Mi arreos son las armas."

My ornaments are arms,
  My bed the flinty stone,
My rest is war's alarms,
  My sleep to watch alone.
Through gloomy paths unknown,
  Paths which untrodden be,
From rock to rock I go
  Along the dashing sea,
And seek from busy woe
  With hurrying steps to flee;
But know, fair lady! know,
  All this I bear for thee!

Cancionero de Amberes. 1555. 182.

I LOVED A LADY FAIR.

"Amara yo una Senora."

I LOVED a lady fair, for she
  Was virtue's favourite—virtue's boast,
But, O my cruel destiny!
  That lovely lady I have lost.

And I will seek the mountains rude,
  And hide me from the eyes of men
In their remotest solitude,
  Nor seek the smiling world again.

I 'll go and feed the sadness deep
  That in my inmost bosom dwells;
My woes shall never, never sleep,
  But grow within their darksome cells.

I 'll go and roam with beasts of prey,
  And in their dreary caverns live,
While patience' lamp shall light my way,
  If patience can a lustre give.

To dwell with her were bliss too great
  For such a trembling wretch as I,
While death, that refuge calm and sweet,
  Sees me, and hurries scornful by.

He will not linger with distress—
  He holds no fellowship with woe—
He than my other griefs is less;
  And thus I wish his presence so:
It cannot be—there's no redress—
  To lasting solitude I go.

Cancionero de Valencia, 1511, p. 138.

HOW CAN I LIVE ALONE?

"Despidistesme Senora."

And dost thou bid me, bid me go?
  Whither, O! whither can I fly?
How can I live alone?—O no!
  Lady! and wouldst thou have me die?

Yes! I will go to distant shores,
  Calling for ever, maid! on thee—
Calling on her my soul adores:
  Where can my love, my lady be?
Calling on thee alone I 'll go,
  Bidding the echoing heavens reply:
How can I live alone?—O no!
  Lady! and wouldst thou have me die?

Cancionero de Lisboa, 1517, p. 51.

THE MAIDEN WAITING HER LOVER.

" Dulces arboles sombrosos."

Ye trees that make so sweet a shade,
  Bend down your waving heads, when he,
The youth ye honour, through your glade,
  Comes on love's messages to me.
Ye stars, that shine o'er heaven's blue deep,
  And all its arch with glory fill,
O wake him, wake him from his sleep,
  If that dear youth be slumbering still.

Lark! that hailest the morn above—
  Nightingale! singing on yonder bough,
Hasten, and tell my lingering love—
  Tell him how long I've waited now.
    Pass'd is the midnight's shade:
      Where is he—where?
    Say, can some other maid
      His favours share?

Celestina, Amberes, 1595, p. 324.

COUNT ARNALDOS.

"Quien hubiera tal ventura."

Who was ever sped by fortune
  O'er the ocean's waters, say,
As the happy Count Arnaldos,
  On the morn of Juan's day?
In his hand he held a falcon,
  And he went to chase the game,
When a gay and splendid galley
  To the shore advancing came.
All its fluttering sails were silken,
  All its shrouds of flounces clear,
And the gay and clear-voiced helmsman
  Sang a song so sweet to hear,
That the waves were calm and silent,
  And the noisy storm-wind hush'd,
And the fish that live the deepest
  To the water's surface rush'd;
While the restless birds were gather'd,
  Listening on the masts, and still.
"O, my galley!—O my galley!
  God preserve us now from ill:
O'er the waters of the ocean,
  O'er the dark world's troubles far,
O'er the plains of Almeria,
  And the straits of Gibraltār;

Over Leon's gulf of peril,
  Over the Venetian sea,
And the fearful banks of Flanders,
  Where the hidden dangers be."
Thus he spake, the Count Arnaldos,
  Thus he spake, and thou shalt hear:
"Sing that song, by Heaven I charge thee!
  Sing that song, good mariner."
But the mariner was silent,
  And he only answer'd—"No!
They alone must hear my music,
  They alone who with me go."

Cancionero de Amberes, 1555, 176.

THE LUCKLESS KNIGHT.

" En los tiempos que me vi."

'Twas in the days of mirth and joy,
  When all looked gay and smiling round,
And I from Burgos had set out,
  And was to Valladolid bound.
I met a palmer on the road,
  Who stopp'd me with a mournful tone,
And said—" Where art thou going now,
  Where art thou going, wretched one?
O, wretched one! in luckless day
  I knew thee"—thus the palmer said—
" Thy maid is dead, I saw her die—
  Thy maid is dead, I saw her dead;
I saw them cover o'er with black
  The funeral bier on which she lay,
And the responses at the tomb
  I heard—I heard, and help'd to say.
Seven noble counts wept o'er the corpse,
  And more than thousand knights were there,
Her maidens sobb'd and cried, and thus
  Their voice of sadness met my ear:
" O, luckless knight!—O, luckless knight!
Whose flower of hope death thus could blight."

But when I heard the dreadful tale
  I fell all senseless on the ground;
Twelve hours as in a swoon I lay,
  And saw no sight, and heard no sound;
And then I rose, and sought the grave
  Where that beloved lady slept,
And o'er her resting place I pour'd
  These sorrowing breathings as I wept:
"O lady! take me to thy arms,
  O! take me—let me rest with thee!"
I cried, and from the silent tomb
  A mournful voice thus spoke to me:
"Live on—live on, enamour'd knight!
  Live on—for I am dead; and go,
To gather glory in the fight,
  And other loves to chase thy woe:
My spirit mourns in love and light,
  My mortal dust dissolves below."

Romances de Sepulveda; Amberes, 1580, p. 219.

'TIS TIME TO RISE!

"Mucho ha que el alma duerme."

LONG sleep has veil'd my spirit's eyes;
'Tis time to rise!—'tis time to rise!

O! 'tis a dull and heavy sleep,
  As if death's robe had wrapp'd the soul;
As if the poisons vices steep
  In life's deep-dregg'd and mingled bowl,
Had chill'd the blood, and dimm'd the eyes:
  But lo! the sun towers o'er the deep—
'Tis time to rise!—'tis time to rise!

But angels sang in vain: above
  Their voices blended. "Soul, awake!
Hark to yon babe!—what wondrous love
  Bids God an infant's weakness take?
Long hast thou slept—that infant's cries
  Shall the dark mist of night remove:
'Tis time to rise!—'tis time to rise!"

Böhl, 38.

I'M SURE 'TIS LOVE.

"Madre mia, amores tengo."

I'm sure 'tis love, O mother mine!
Else what it is I can't divine.

I'm sure 'tis love, O mother mine!
And surely love is fair and sweet:
I know not why, but, O! I pine,
And faint—and feel; I can't repeat
My thoughts—but let that eye of thine
Just mark me as I cross the street,
For what it is I can't divine.

I feel a void, O mother mine!
A solitude within my breast—
Which seems as though it were a shrine
Where some enamour'd youth should rest,
And there, 'midst fragrant flowers recline,
Sure that would make a maiden blest!
Else what it is I can't divine.

Böhl, No. 238.

O MY COMRADE!

"Compañero compañero."

"O MY comrade! O my comrade!
  She is wed that rul'd my heart,
She has ta'en a base-born peasant;
  That is sorrow's deepest smart:
I will go and serve the Prophet,
  Far in Moorish lands away,—
And the first by-passing Christian,
  To avenge my wrongs, I'll slay."
"Check thy rashness—O my comrade!
  On thy life no threats like this;
Thou shalt have of three fair sisters,
  Her who fairest, brightest is;
She shall be thy loving mistress;
  She thy faithful wife shall be—"
"She shall never be my mistress,
  Never be a wife to me—
I have lost that lovely maiden
  Whom I loved so tenderly."

Cancionero de Amberes, 1555, p. 103.

DURANDARTE.

"Durandarte, Durandarte."

" DURANDARTE, Durandarte,
  Son of fame, and heir of praise;
Durandarte, if thou love me,
  Let us talk of former days.
Tell me if thou hast forgotten
  Thy enamour'd time of youth,
When with sports and songs of music
  Thou didst show thy love, thy truth:
When the Moors retired before thee,
  When my smile conducted thee:
Now, alas! am I forgotten:
  Why hast thou forgotten me?
Words are all deceitful, warrior!"
  " Lady! if I broke my vow,
Thou wert treacherous,—thou unfaithful,—
  Thou didst break thy pledge,—even thou.
Lady! thou didst love Gayferos
  When I roam'd an exile drear;—
Such was not the love I sigh'd for;
  Though thou hadst been far more fair,
Rather than submit to insult,
  I would die in lone despair."

Silva de Romances, p. 251.

THE THRUSH.

"Madre mia aquel pajarillo."

MOTHER of mine! yon tuneful thrush,
That fills with songs the happy grove—
Tell him those joyous songs to hush—
For ah! my nymph has ceased to love.

Tell him to sympathize,—for this
Is music's triumph, music's care;
Persuade him that another's bliss
Makes bitter misery bitterer.

Then bid him leave the emerald bough,
Seek her abode—and warble there;
And if young love has taught him how,
Be love's sweet-tongued interpreter.

He thinks his notes are notes of joy;
That gladness tunes his eager breath,—
O, tell him, mother mine! that I
Hear in his songs the tones of death!

If, spite of all those prayers of thine,
  He still will stay—I'll pray that he
May one day feel these pangs of mine,
  And I—his thoughtless ecstasy.

Then mother mine!—persuade the thrush
  To charm no more the verdant grove;
Bid him his sweetest music hush—
  For ah! my nymph has ceased to love.

Silva de Romances, 1644.

SWEET WERE THE HOURS.

"Dulces eran las horas y cortas."

SWEET were the hours, and short as sweet,
Which, lady! I have pass'd with thee;
But those were dark and infinite
Which roll'd when thou wert far from me.

For Time—as has been oft express'd,
Is Fancy's handmaid—swift or brief:
How short—how short, alas! for rest!
How long—how long, alas! for grief!

How lightning-wing'd do pleasures fly,
And love's sweet pleasures fleeter yet!
On pinions of rapidity,
That leave but terror, or regret.

In mournful strains they roll along,
Midst hopes deceived and joys bereft;
While memory's departed throng
Are mourn'd—my joyless memory's left.

I think of days, when morning's flame,
  Kindled by thee, shone fair and bright;
And then the dazzling noon-day came,
  And then—the solitude of night.

'Twas then—upon the elms, whose feet
  The Betis laves—I saw thee write;
O raptured hour!—"I love thee sweet"—
  And my heart sparkled at the sight.

Silva de Romances, 1644, p. 130.

AMARYLLIS.

"Mientras duerme la niña."

She sleeps;—Amaryllis
Midst flowerets is laid;
And roses and lilies
Make the sweet shade:

The maiden is sleeping,
Where, through the green hills,
Manzanares is creeping
Along with his rills.

Wake not Amaryllis,
Ye winds in the glade!
Where roses and lilies
Make the sweet shade.

The sun, while upsoaring,
Yet tarries awhile,
The bright rays adoring
Which stream from her smile.

The wood-music still is;
To rouse her afraid,
Where roses and lilies
Make the sweet shade.

Silva de Romances, 1644.

POWER OF LOVE.

"Si á do quieren reyes."

If laws fulfil a monarch's will—
  O how should I withstand,
When sovereign Love—from heaven above,
  Sends forth his high command?

If all obey his royal sway,
  His rule from age to age;
O how should I his right deny,
  To honest vassalage?
No! to my king my faith shall bring
  A tribute of allegiance;
For Love's bright law may surely draw
  Submission and obedience.
If laws fulfil a monarch's will,
  O how should I withstand,
When sovereign Love—from heaven above,
  Sends forth his proud command?

Within my soul, without control,
  He rules; and though I wear
His fettering chains—my heart maintains
  Unshaken fealty there.

His laws are hard—but I regard
  His service far more free,
Than licence given, by earth or heaven,
  To wandering liberty.
If laws fulfil a monarch's will,
  O how should I withstand,
When sovereign Love—from heaven above,
  Sends forth his proud command?

Silva de Romances, Idem.

SLEEPING CUPID.

"Durmiose Cupido al son."

THE boy-god slept by the lullaby
  Of crystal streams, whose waters threw
Bright pearls on flowers, that smilingly
  Upon the banks of emerald grew;

And while he slept,—the careless child!
  His mother stole his quiver full
Of arrows, which she laughing filed,
  For use had made the arrows dull.

She linger'd long amidst the flowers,
  Amidst the gems, which silent night
Flings o'er this faery world of ours,
  Making far brighter what is bright.

She linger'd long, but sought in vain
  Balm for her silent secret wound,
Yet smiled she oft in spite of pain,
  And seem'd to find what ne'er she found.
Cupid slept by the lullaby
  Of crystal streams, whose waters threw
Bright pearls on flowers, that smilingly
  Upon the banks of emerald grew.

And Cupid woke, for he had dream'd
  Of jealousy, and woke in tears:
Well might he weep, who never seem'd
  To feel for others' woes or fears!

The nightingale's sweet music made
  A chorus with the silver rill;
The rude winds with the foliage play'd,
  Wafting the leaves o'er vale and hill.

"O then console thee, gentle swain!
  For Love a treacherous child was aye."
This was the solitary strain
  That once a lover's grief could stay.
Cupid slept by the lullaby
  Of crystal streams, whose waters threw
Bright pearls on flowers, that smilingly
  Upon the banks of emerald grew.

Silva de Romances, Idem.

I'LL NEVER BE MARRIED.

"No quiero ser casada."

No! no! I'll never married be,
But love, and love,—and yet be free.

I will not wear a captive's chain,
  Nor own a master:—they who wed,
First go to jail, and then remain
  In everlasting fetters led.
I can't imagine what they gain.
No! no! I'll never married be,
But love, and love,—and yet be free.

A wife can't out of window look
  Without a husband's grumbling loud;
Each slip's recorded in a book:
  I won't submit! I own I'm proud,
Too proud such busy knaves to brook.
No! no! I'll never married be,
But love, and love,—and yet be free.

Unmarried, I command at will;
  And youths press forward to obey:
I find them glad and grateful still,
  And who so prompt to serve as they?
Will lords a bride's desire fulfil?

No! no! I'll never married be,
But love, and love,—and yet be free.

I often see a married pair,—
  I know they curse their luckless fate:
I've seen a woman tear her hair,
  And of connubial blessings prate;
Yet daily sink beneath despair.
No! no! I'll never married be;
But love, and love,—and yet be free.

Böhl, N. 333.

SHARPLY I REPENT OF IT.

"Quien gentil Señora pierde."

He who loses gentle lady,
For a want of ready wit,
Sharply shall repent of it.

Once I lost her in a garden,
  Gathering every flower that grows;
And her cheeks were red with blushes,
  Red as is the damask rose:
All love's burning blushes those.
I was dumb,—so short of wit,—
Sharply I repent of it.

Once I lost her in a garden,
  Gently talking of her love;
I, poor inexperienced shepherd,
  Did not answer,—did not move.
If I disappointments prove,
I may thank my frozen wit;
Sharply I repent of it.

Cancionero de Linares. Böhl, 213.

I'M A YOUNG AND FEARFUL MAID.

"Ten amor el arco quedo."

CUPID! let thy bow be staid;
I'm a young and fearful maid.

Love they say has vanquish'd gods,
  Ev'n the highest gods of heaven;
Entered the divine abodes,
  All their portals forced and riven.
How can I oppose him? driven,
Driven by him,—alarm'd, afraid,—
I, a young and fearful maid.

Some have told me how he led
  Pyramus and Thisbe erst;
Others, how by him betray'd,
  Cleopatra's bosom burst.
If I dread his bow at first,
If dark fear my breast pervade,
I'm a young and timid maid.

I'm a young and timid maid,
  Blown about by hope and fear;
Jealous mysteries,—love's parade,—
  Sound but darkly on my ear.
Dangerous follies, come not near:
I'll retreat to safety's shade,—
I'm a young and fearful maid.

Romancero General, 1604, p. 252.

SONNET.

"Si mil almas tuviera con que amaros."

HAD I a thousand souls with which to love thee,
I'd throw them all, delighted, at thy feet;
Had I uncounted gold wherewith to move thee,
'Twould seem unworthy all, and incomplete:
I fain would be an Argus but to view thee,
And a Briareus round thy charms to cling;
Another Orpheus to play music to thee,
A Homer thy perfections all to sing.
I would be May, to clothe thee with its splendour,
And Love itself adoring to caress thee;
I'd call on fame, to speak my passion tender,
I'd fain be the world's king, to serve and bless thee,
A sun to be thy light and thy defender,
And heaven itself for ever to possess thee.

Romancero de Miguel de Madrigal.
Valladolid, 1605, p. 191.

YE DARK GREEN EYES.

"¡ Ay ojuelos verdes !"

Ye dark green eyes !
  Heaven grant that he,
My dark green eyes,
  May think of me !

When left alone,
  Ah ! ye were wet
  With sad regret
That he was gone.
And still ye mourn,
  With doubt distrest,
  When sunk to rest,
Till day's return.
Heaven grant that he
May think of me !

My dark green eyes,
  When grief and pain
And sorrows rise,
  Ye feel them then.
Hope smiles between
  Her favourite shade,
  For hope is made
Of colours green.

Heaven grant that he
May think of me!

Alas! how few
  The causes know,
  When gloom and woe
O'ershadow you!
There is a dread,
  A hidden thought,
  A grief untaught,
A wish unread.
Heaven grant that he
May think of me!

I could not bear
  Th' alternative,
  To love and live
Without thee, dear!
Green eyes reprove
  If I deceive;
  But no! believe
And crown my love!
Heaven grant that he
May think of me!

Cancionero de Amberes, 1555, p. 402.

ROMANCE.

"Yo me adame una amiga."

My heart had cherish'd a maid divine,
In the depth of my heart she 's set,
And the maiden's name was Catherine,
Whom I will never forget.
She pray'd me, pray'd me oft to bring
Her to fair Aragōn.
"No! no! thou art a feeble thing,
Thou canst not journey on."
"Sir knight, I 'll walk as well as thou;
I fear not toil, I say;
And I 'll provide a purse for two,
To help us on our way;
A purse with ducats for Castille,
Florins for Aragōn."
But while they stood discussing still,
The magistrates came down.

Cancionero de Amberes, 1555, iii. 133.

ONE SO VERY DEAR TO ME.

"Alze los ojos y vi."

I LIFTED up my eyes to see
One dearer than myself to me.

To gaze, I lifted them on high,
And bent them down again to sigh;
For I'm unblest;—I know not why:
I may no smile of favour see
From one so very dear to me.

Why should I gaze, O why? to feel
Love's flattering poison through me steal;
To be condemn'd without appeal,
Surprised, controll'd, subdued to be,
By one so very dear to me.

O! could I but expect to wear,
Love's flowery garlands bright and fair,
And drink the joys beyond compare,
Of love's enrapturing witchery
From one so very dear to me!

But thoughts like these are only meet,
As grief's ambassadors to greet;
O would they were of favours sweet,
And I were born a bliss to be
To one so very dear to me!

Cancionero de Juan de Linares, p. 143.

THE TRAITOR COUNT.

"A tan alto va la luna."

The moon had mounted up aloft,
High as the sun at middle day;
When with the queen the German count,
Unnoticed in her chamber lay.
No living man in all the court,
No living man the foul deed knew,
Except the infanta, for she slept
Within that secret chamber too:
And thus her mother spoke, and thus
In the infanta's ear did call:
"Whate'er thou see, infanta dear,
Whate'er thou see, conceal it all:
And then the German count shall give
A mantle of pure gold to thee."
"Let lightnings blast,—let fire devour,
The mantle that he offers me—
I never in my father's life
Such a stepfather thought to see."
And so she went away in tears,
And soon the king, her father, met:—
"O why dost weep, infanta dear?
Thy heart is sad, thy eyes are wet."
"O king! within my room I sat
Dipping my bread in dark red wine;
The German count came in, and threw
The sops on these white robes of mine."

"O silence, daughter! mind it not,"
  Thus to the maid the monarch spoke;
"The count is thoughtless, gay, and young;
  He did it but to laugh and joke."
"Such laughs and jokes, who dares employ,
  Let lightnings blast, let fire devour,—
Sir king! he seized me in his arms,
  He seiz'd me that he might deflower."
"He seized thee—to deflower?—O then
  Thy curse upon his head shall lie;
And, ere the rising of the sun,
  By heaven! the traitor count shall die."

Cancionero de Amberes, 1555, p. 281.

MINGUILLO.

"Pues por besarte, Minguillo."

SINCE for kissing thee, Minguillo,
Mother's ever scolding me,
Give me swiftly back, thou dear one!
Give the kiss I gave to thee.
Give me back the kiss—that one now,
Let my mother scold no more;
Let us tell her all is o'er:
What was done is all undone now.
Yes! it will be wise, Minguillo,
My fond kiss to give to me,—
Give me swiftly back, thou dear one!
Give the kiss I gave to thee.
Give me back the kiss, for mother
Is impatient—prithee do!
For that one thou shalt have two;
Give me that, and take another.
Help me—let them be contented,
Let them not complain of me;
Give me swiftly back, thou dear one!
Give the kiss I gave to thee.

Cancionero de Linares, M. S. Böhl, p. 344.

ROMANCE.

Specimen of Asonante Rhymes, (a and *e).*

"En el valle de Pisuerga."

In the vale of Pisuerga,
'Midst the rocks I saw an *a*ngel,
'Twas a lovely mountain maiden
'Neath the heaven of Manzan*a*re*s*.
Every river, every streamlet,
Flow'd to be her silvery gl*a*ss*e*s,
Hurrying from their beds to meet her;——
Crystals in the gentle v*a*ll*e*y.
But her cheeks are pale and gloomy,
Chill'd by melancholy s*a*dn*e*ss,
Careless she of all around her,
Sports, and songs, and joyous d*a*nc*e*s.
Solitude is her enjoyment,
And to her the day is d*a*rkn*e*ss,
Good and evil—bliss and suffering,
Neither wounds and neither gl*a*ddens.
Fellow maidens now invite her,
Flower-crown'd to the vale she h*a*st*e*ns,
Witnessing the laughing revels,
Swains and nymphs alike part*a*k*e*rs.
Then there came an unknown shepherd,
Thither not in vain he w*a*nd*e*r'd:

When he saw the nymph of beauty,
How his eyes with passion sparkled!
But the dance is still continued,
And the shepherd, as he watch'd her,
To the song of oaks and willows,
Thus her tale to heaven related:

Virgin, thy cheeks as the snow are white,
They are ashes sure of love's fire so bright.

Sylva de Romances, 1644.

GALLEYS OF SPAIN.

"Galeritas de España."

Ye galleys of our land,
  Arrest your oars again,
That he, my love, may rest,
  Who drags your heavy chain.

Bright galleys! on the surge
  Ye bear with every stroke,
The surges of my thoughts,
  Which fear and love awoke.
Upon the ocean's breast
  Its fair winds move again:
So let my lover rest,
  Who drags your heavy chain.

The waters of the sea,
  Though cold, inflame my soul;
My love's pure light would glow
  Ev'n at the icy pole.
That love on whirlwind's breast
  Would fly across the main,
To let my lover rest
  Who drags the heavy chain.

O wait! bright galleys now,
  In some fair harbour wait,
Or guard the narrow pass
  Of some not-distant strait:
Or, at the maid's behest,
  In tranquil port remain,
That he, my love, may rest,
  Who drags your heavy chain.

The winter hours draw nigh;
  Come, galleys, then, and lay,
In cheerful solitude,
  Within a shelter'd bay;
There ye may anchor best,
  For there no dangers reign—
So let my lover rest,
  Who drags your heavy chain.

Romancero General, 1604, p. 404.

THE WOMAN WHO SUCH DREAMS CAN DREAM.

"La muger que tal sueño sueña."

THE woman who such dreams can dream,
  Kicks, and sticks, and stripes for her!

The woman who has check'd the glow
  Of honest passion in the breast;
The woman who will not bestow
  Her hand on him who loves her best;
The woman who can harshly deem
  Of him who is her worshipper;
The woman who such dreams can dream,
  Kicks, and sticks, and stripes for her!

The woman, whose fond husband brings
  His smiling love from day to day;
Who, in her reckless folly, flings
  That light of tenderness away,
And calls upon some distant beam,
  Or wandering meteor, to confer
Its radiance;—who such dreams can dream,
  Kicks, and sticks, and stripes for her!

The woman who can plot and plan
  Her own disgrace, her husband's shame,
And, reckless, infamize and ban
  A life unstain'd—a virtuous fame;
Who's pleased to *be* impure, yet *seem*
  Chaste as the snow—as chaste as fair;
The woman who such dreams can dream,
  Kicks, and sticks, and stripes for her!

Fernandez, vol. xvii. p. 166.

O ROSEMARY BRANCH!

"Romerico tu que vienes."

O ROSEMARY branch! my fair was wont
To wander near thy flowery way,
So give me news of her, I pray.

O give me news of her, my fair!
And bright the sun shall shine upon thee,
And all Heaven's blessings shall be on thee;
For since she left me mourning here,
I've nought to comfort, nought to cheer,
But in a darksome valley stray:—
O give me news of her, I pray!

But, when I left thee first, I thought
To escape from this heart-shivering ill;
But absence brought it nearer still,
With bitterer, fiercer sufferings brought.
The hopes I loved are fled to nought;
No more they light or cheer my way.
O give me news of her, I pray!

I, a sad luckless one, am lost;
I, once the gayest of the gay,
Whose life was gladness every day,

Am chill'd by sorrow's misty frost;
And memory's broken wrecks are tost
On death's dark ocean-waves astray.
O, give me news of her, I pray.

Glosa del Romance de Don Tristan.
Böhl, p. 233.

FORGETFUL?—NO!

"Vanse mis amores."

And is my love departing?
  And will affection go?
I may be brown and freckled,
  But not forgetful—no!

My love it seems departing,
  I can't imagine why;
I cherish'd it within me
  Most unremittingly.
It cannot call me faithless;
  Why will it leave me so?
I may be brown and freckled,
  But not forgetful—no!

My joy is all departed,
  Departed with my love,
And every ray of comfort
  That cheer'd me from above.
With him alone delighted,
  My heart was wont to go:
I may be brown and freckled,
  But not forgetful—no!

Some strange and treacherous maiden
  Has won my lover's smile,
And revels in the glory
  That cheer'd my path awhile.
Will none, will none console me,
  While sorrow's torrents flow?
For though I 'm brown and freckled,
  I 'm not forgetful—no!

Man's faith is but a shadow,
  Too late, too late I find;
'Tis but a breath—a vapour
  That 's scatter'd by the wind.
I pour my grief in silence,
  I feed my heart with woe;
For though I 'm brown and freckled,
  I 'm not forgetful—no!

Cancionero de Linares, Böhl, No. 246.

ROMANCE.

" Tiempo es el caballero."

" KNIGHT! I must go from hence—must go,—
  The world will all divine:
My girdle is too narrow now,—
  They 'll see my shame—and thine.
I cannot look upon my maids,
  When they my garments bring;
I see them wink, and nod their heads,
  I hear them tittering.
So bring me to thy castle home—
  Come, thither let us go,
And bid some trusty woman come
  To help me in my woe!"
"O, lady! I 'm a peasant lad,
  And born to guide the plough—
The woman that my mother had,
  When I was born, have thou."

Böhl, No. 144.

ROMANCE.

"A cazar va el caballero."

The good knight is a hunting gone,
  Hunting as he was wont to be;
His hounds are tired, his falcon lost,
  And he is wandering wearily.
He lean'd, he lean'd for his support
  Against an old and tall oak tree,
And on its highest, tallest bough
  His wondering eyes a maid did see,
And the long tresses of her hair
  Did cover all that old oak tree.
"Be not alarm'd—be not alarm'd,
  Nor show such terror, knight!" said she;
"For I 'm the daughter of the queen
  And the good king of Castillie;
And, while within my nurse's arms,
  Seven mighty fates had fated me,
Among these mountains lost and lone,
  A wanderer seven long years to be:
'Tis seven years since that bitter day,
  And now fulfill'd is that decree.
I pray thee, for the love of God,
  To bear me in thy company;
And let me be, sir knight, thy wife,
  Or let me, else, thy mistress be."

"O wait, fair lady, till the dawn,
  Wait till to-morrow patiently,
For I will to my mother haste—
  My mother she shall counsel me."
But to the good knight's doubting words
  The lady answer'd speedily:
"A curse upon the false knight fall,
  Who leaves a maid in misery!"
And so the knight for counsel went,
  And left the maid in misery.
His mother said: "Return! return!
  And let the maid thy mistress be."
So he return'd him to the wood,
  But no where could the lady see:
At last he met her, led by knights,
  By all the flower of chivalry.
He saw her, and he fell to earth,
  O'erpower'd with shame and sorrow he;
At last he rose, and these the words
  He utter'd in his agony:
"The knight who loses such a loss,
  Sore punish'd he deserves to be.
I'll be the judge—the justice I—
  And so will be revenged on me:
They shall cut off my feet and hands,
  And drag me to the cemet'ry."

Cancionero de Amberes, 1555, II. 144.

ROMANCE.

"Blanca sois, Señora mia."

"O GENTLE lady! thou art fair,
  Fair as the sunny ray is bright;
And fearless and disarm'd at last,
  In sweetest sleep I'll sleep to-night.
For full seven years I bear my arms,
  And I have never put them down,
And, lady, now my skin as black,
  Black as the smutty coal is grown."
"Sleep, soundly sleep, thou valiant knight,
  Unarm'd and fearless sleep; the count
Is gone to hunt, as he is wont,
  Is gone to hunt on Leon's mount:
Let madness there destroy his hounds,
  An eagle on his falcon pounce,
And from the mountain to his home
  Remove the helmet from his sconce."
While thus they spoke the count return'd,
  And thus in furious tones he said:
"O what is this, white maiden, now,
  Of treacherous father, treacherous maid?"
"I comb'd my hair, O count beloved,
  I comb'd my hair in grief and wo,
Because my lord had left his love,
  And would to yonder mountain go."

"O maiden! no such cheating words,
No more perfidious language say!
Whose is that proud and noble horse
I heard within the stable neigh?"
"My lord! my father sent the steed
An homage of his love to thee."—
"Whose, lady, are those shining arms,
Which 'gainst the corridor I see?"
"My lord! they were my brother's arms,
Which he has sent for thee to wear."
"And whose, fair lady! is the lance
Whose sharpen'd point is moving there?"
"O count! O count! take thou that lance,
And pierce my guilty body through;
For O! I have deserved it all,
And shame and death are now my due."

Cancionero de Amberes, 1555. III. 179.

THE MUSIC OF THE MATIN-BELLS.

"En campaña madre."

The music of the matin bells
  Across the fields is thrown,
And while their sound with echo dwells,
  O I am left alone.

When first the sunbeams leave the hills,
  And hasten on the day,
O then the matin-music fills
  Morn's solitary way.
But at their call my glory wakes
  To welcome in the dawn,
And then her early walks she takes
  Across the sparkling lawn:
Alas! my dreams of love are gone,
  And I am left alone.

I now am like a mournful morn,
  When the bright sun is clouded,
And misty day comes on forlorn,
  In heavy vapour shrouded.
In solitude I mourn, for how
  Could I endure to live

Where my soul's light,—my maiden's brow,—
  No ray of joy can give?
No peace I feel, no hope I own,
  For I am left alone.

Romancero General, Madrid. 1604, p. 449.

WHEN SHE IS TWENTY.

" Niña de quince años."

If now, though but fifteen, we see
  The maiden clad with charms in plenty,
O what an angel she will be
  When she is twenty!

I saw her on a balcony,
  O melancholy day!
For she remain'd in liberty,
  And I in fetters lay.
Her every hair is like a chain,
  Which her admirer binds,
And though he would escape, 'tis vain,—
  He is a slave he finds;
And oft I sigh'd, and silently,
  O, lady fair, relent ye!
For what an angel will she be
  When she is twenty!

One glance of thought,—one fond desire,—
  Bright from her eyes of love,
Would set a thousand hearts on fire,
  A thousand spirits move.
When to the fount she's wont to go,
  My footsteps follow her;

Whene'er she wrings her robes of snow,
  I'm never absent there:
And oft I say,—Bright eyes! to me
  What evil spirit sent ye?
For what an angel will she be
  When she is twenty!

No sunny ray her garments dries,
  The sunny rays are vain;
For, lo! the torrents from my eyes
  Soon make them wet again.
And if in tender infancy
  She graces bear in plenty,
O what an angel will she be
  When she is twenty!

Romancero General. Madrid, 1604, p. 226.

THE PRISONER'S ROMANCE.

"Deja el alma que es libre."

Sir gaoler! leave the spirit free,—
  The spirit is a wanderer still:
O gaoler! leave the spirit free,
  And chain the body if you will.

My eyes between the iron bars
  Still throw their living glances round,
And they shall be as northern stars,
  By which the friendly port is found.
And theirs shall be a tongue, to be
  Heard when the mortal voice is still.
O gaoler, leave the spirit free,
  And chain the body if you will.

You cannot, cannot chain the soul,
  Although the body you confine;
The spirit bursts through all control,
  And soon is free,—and so is mine.
Love has unbounded mastery
  In this your prison. You fulfil,

Sir gaoler! love's supreme decree:
  Love is the lord imperial still.
O gaoler! leave the spirit free,
  And chain the body if you will.

Romancero General. Valladolid, 1605, p. 11.

WEEP NOT, MY MOTHER!

"No llores mi madre."

WEEP not, my mother,—why
Wouldst add to woes like mine?
My woe is great enough
Without those tears of thine.
For I, unhappy one!
In luckless hour was born:
No dog was heard to bark;
No cock to hail the morn.
An evil-fated hag
Alone came near thy bed,
And she pour'd out a curse
Of sorrow on my head.
"Where'er he loves, no love
Shall meet his love," she said.
The evil-fated hag
This curse pour'd out on me,
That, when I loved the most
I most should hated be.
By fortune's turning, where
I now am crush'd in dust,
That wheel which turns and turns,
And still be turning must.

My hours of joy are gone,
  And buried with the dead.
I stretch'd my hand;—when lo!
  Even as the wind 'twas fled.
O mother, I was born
  In some unholy place;
I am a she-wolf's whelp,
  And none of human race.
Let all who would be blest,
  Far from the curs'd one flee,
For all their joy will fly
  If they but look at me.

Romancero del Conde Don Sancho, Böhl, 159.

LOVELY FLOW'RET, LOVELY FLOW'RET.

"Rosa fresca, rosa fresca."

"LOVELY flow'ret, lovely flow'ret,
O! what thoughts your beauties move—
When I prest thee to my bosom,
Little did I know of love;
Now that I have learnt to love thee,
Seeking thee in vain I rove."
"But the fault was thine, young warrior;
Thine it was—it was not mine:
He who brought thy earliest letter
Was a messenger of thine:
And *he* told me—graceless traitor—
Yes! *he* told me—lying one—
That thou wert already married
In the province of Leōn:
Where thou hadst a lovely lady,
And, like flowers too, many a son."
"Lady! he was but a traitor,
And his tale was all untrue—
In Castille I never enter'd—
From Leōn, too, I withdrew
When I was in early boyhood,
And of love I nothing knew."

Romancero General, Madrid, 1604, p. 132.

YIELD, THOU CASTLE!

"Castillo, dateme, date."

YIELD, thou castle! yield,
I march me to the field.

Thy walls are proud and high,
My thoughts all dwell with thee;
Now yield thee—yield thee—I
Am come for victory;
I march me to the field.

Thy halls are fair and gay,
And there resides my grief;
Thy bridge,—thy cover'd way,
Prepare for my relief;
I march me to the field.

Thy towers sublimely rise
In beauty's brightest glow;
There, there, my comfort lies,
O! give me welcome now:
I march me to the field.

Cancionero de Linares, Böhl, 338.

ROMANCE.

"Mi padre era de Ronda."

My father was of Ronda,
  My mother of Antequēr,
And I by the Moors was captured;
  'Twas neither peace nor war.
They captured me, and they dragged me
  To Velez de la Gomēr;
Six days and nights they kept me
  Unsold in the slave-bazaar,
And neither Moor nor Mooress
  Would be my purchaser;
Till a dog of a Moor first offer'd
  Doubloons a hundred there.
He led me to his dwelling,
  And he bound me with a chain,
And I pass'd a life of misery,
  And I pass'd a life of pain.
By day I braided bass-wed,
  By night I mill'd the grain;
And he put a muzzle on me,
  My hunger to contain.
My hair grew coarse and tangled,
  I turn'd me to my chain;

But God look'd on me kindly:
  His mistress kind was she;
And when the Moor went hunting
  She set the prisoner free:
She press'd me to her bosom,
  She clear'd my tangled hair;
I'd done her some small favour,
  She hasten'd to repay.
Five score doubloons she gave me,
  And sped me on my way;
Praise to the God of Heaven
Who placed that Mooress there.

Silva de Romances.

ROMANCE.

"A coronarse de flores."

The lovely morn awakes: a wreath
  Of gayest flowerets crowns her brow,
And violets with their sweetest breath,
  And brightest eyes salute her now.
The linnet's music fills the wood,
  Blessing the new-born light again;
And chanticleer 's a time-piece good,
  That calls to toil the labouring swain.
The first proud beams of opening day
  Are only for the towers of kings;
The sun disdains to shed a ray
  On the straw-roofs of meaner things.
A shepherd walk'd on Betis' side,
  He watch'd his flocks and mourn'd his woes;
He saw the day-doors open wide,
  And spoke to the sun which upward rose:
"In vain dost thou scatter thy glorious light,
  For sadness lives in eternal night:
In vain the sun and the morn are clad
  In robes that with Indian splendour vie,
For all is dull to the hopeless sad,
  And weary to mournful memory.

I weep, for the light and the joy are gone
  Of two immortal torches bright,
Which envying heaven has made its own,
  And fix'd as stars to gild the night;
And I am left in darkness deep,
  And can see no charms above, beneath,
And then I wake from dreamy sleep—
  And smiles are frowns, and life is death.
My sun which had a sable brow,
  And beams which Iris envied ever,
Alas! 'tis sunk in the ocean now,
  Never to rise again, O never!
In vain dost thou scatter thy glorious light,
For sadness lives in eternal night!"

Silva de Romances, p. 82.

CLORIS.

"En el regazo de Abril."

In the bosom of April,
  The sun midst flowers is laid;
His pillow is of jasmins,
  And the painted meadows his bed:
The rivulet gently flowing
  Is his sweet lullaby.
See, by yon grove of myrtles,
  Cloris sleeps tranquilly.
The sun calls forth the odours
  From Daphne's laurel grove—
The incense is of emeralds,
  An holocaust of love.
But the youthful May is coming,
  And nightingales welcome sing.
Yes! nightingales are the heralds
  Of that gay and gallant king.
  There are tongues which say,
    There sleep in the grove
    Lightnings of love,
  With murderous ray.

The busy Amalthea
  Is weaving tapestry
Of sun-flowers and of roses,
  In the bright morning's eye.

Favonius is withdrawing
  The curtains of the east,
The dews of the morn dispersing—
  And the world is in splendour drest,
To welcome the waking Cloris,
  Who seeks the crystal water:
O for the eyes of Argos,
  To see that beauty's daughter!
Apelles portray'd Campaspe
  For the hero of Macedon,
Which his pencil had disdained,
  Had he seen this lovely one.
  There are tongues which say,
    There sleep in the grove
    Lightnings of love,
  With murderous ray.

Silva de Romances.

ROMANCE.

"Soplan ventecillos."

The gentle zephyrs are blowing,
  The graceful willows tremble,
The rivulets all are flowing,
  The birds to their songs assemble.
The torrents of the mountain
  Glide gently through the vale,
And the music of the fountain
  Makes a concert with the gale.
The bees have left their dwelling,
  To gather their honied stores;
List to their anthems swelling
  Around the bending flowers!
They will hasten homeward, bearing
  Emeralds, and corals red;
And many a topaz wearing,
  With jewels round their head.
What diamonds all adorning,
  What pearls the flowers display!
They are waken'd by the morning,
  And scatter'd by the day.
But a cloud the bright sun covers,
  A frown is on his brow;
He has sought his favourite lovers—
  In vain has he sought them now.

Alas! his smile is hidden,
  My enemy is he;
And peace is to me forbidden,
  And sorrow is dealt to me;
And though the sun shine bright again,
The damsel will say—"'Tis now in vain!"

Silva de Romances.

DAVID THE KING IS MAD WITH GRIEF.

" Con rabia está el Rey David."

David the king is mad with grief,
His heart is harrow'd with pain;
His son is slain in the battle-fight,
His Absalom is slain.
He covers his head with his mantle wide,
And mounts his highest tower—
While tears that flow from his eyes of woe
Wash his grey tresses o'er—
And his trembling lips these words repeat,
This lamentation sore:
O fili mi, fili mi,
Fili mi, Absalom.—
Where is thy dazzling beauty now,
Thy charms—by song untold—
Those locks like sun-beams in the air,
Shining like rays of gold?
Thy azure eyes, that shone as fair
As hyacinths on Zion's hill:
O hands that wrought this cruel ill,
Careless of woe—say, Jonathan,
What had thy brother done?
Had he deserved it, cruel man?
And was he not my son?
He was conceived in blessedness—

And they who plann'd his fall
Have doubled all my love for him:—
Was he rebellious?—all,—
All,—all would I forgive him now;
And had I been obey'd,
He were a prisoner—not a corpse!
Mother—thy child is dead.
Who will console thee?—let thy heart
Burst—and thy soul be sad—
Father and mother—let us weep
O'er our devoted lad—
O fili mi, fili mi,
O fili mi, Absalom.

Silva de Romances.

THE CHRISTIAN CAPTIVE.

"Anda Christiano cautivo."

Alabez. CHRISTIAN Captive, tell us here,
Tell us here your name,—nor bow
Helpless under fortune's blow:
Christian, thou hast nought to fear;
True, thou art our prisoner,—
Yet thy rescue light shall be,
If, in all sincerity,
Thou wilt answer boldly here.

Quiñonero. Quiñonero is my name,
Lorca is my birth-place—I
Have inherited a fame
Which in me shall never die;
I am reckless, careless still,
Quiñonero waits your will.
'Tis the fate of war—to-day
I am yours—and wait your nod—
But to-morrow, Moor, you may
Tremble 'neath my conquering rod.
Ask, and I shall answer,—say
All your weakness wills to know,
Fear my tongue could never sway—
All that willing tongue shall show.

Alabez. Trumpets in the distance sound,
Flags are waving in the breeze,
Horses stamp the echoing ground,
Troops are midst yon olive trees;
Quiñonero,—tell us then,
Tell us then what bands are these,
Whose these banners—who the men
That so boldly forward tread
Where the prophet's troops are spread?

Quiñonero. Yonder splendent penion red,
Where six golden crowns appear,—
That is Murcia's harbinger,
Oft it has to triumph led.
Next there comes a king renown'd,
Arm'd in glorious panoply—
He of Lorca—daring he,
As thy bands too oft have found.
He is from the boundary side
Where Granada's kingdom is:
To be foremost all his bliss,
First in battle all his pride.
Panting for the fight they come,
Breathing fury—seeking war:
Dost thou ask me who they are?
Wouldst thou know each warrior's home?
Go! prepare thee for the fray—
Lo! their squadrons hasten nigh—

Gather up thy spoils—for I
May thy rescue fix to-day.

Alabez. Let them come—they seek their fate,
Ne'er shall they the Rambla see,
So the Koran whispers me,
Woe and death their steps await.
If indeed, by Allah taught,
They should burst the Rambla's wall,
That indeed might us appal—
That would be a fearful thought.
Let them come,—and they shall see
How we meet them manfully;
Sound the trumpet, sound the *zambra*,
Listen now, for our alhambra
Echoes "victory!—victory!"

Guerras Civiles de Granada.

ROMANCE.

"Yo me levantara, madre."

MOTHER! I woke at early morn,
  Upon San Juan's festal day,
And on the sandy shore, forlorn,
  Saw a lone, silent maiden stray:
Alone she had wash'd, and strain'd, and spread
  Her garments on the rose-tree grove;
And while they dried, the maiden said,
  "Where shall I go to seek my love?
Where shall I go?—O tell me where?"
  And the tide it sunk, and the tide it swell'd;
For thus her song flow'd sweetly there—
  And a comb of gold in her hand she held,
With which she comb'd her raven hair.
  "Tell me, thou busy mariner,
And so may God thy helper prove,
  Tell me if thou have seen my love—
Say, hast thou seen him wandering here?"

Cancionero de Amberes, 1554, III. 75.

ROMANCE.

"Moro Alcayde, Moro Alcayde."

"Moorish warden, Moorish warden,
Grisly-bearded captain; thou—
The king has ordered thee to prison,
Thou hast lost Alhama now."
"If thou hast the kingly order,
Unresisting will I go—
'Twas not I who lost Alhama,
'Twas not I who lost it—No!

"I was far away, in Ronda,
At my cousin's wedding feast,
And I left it safely guarded,
Guarded by the noblest—best.
If the king have lost the city,
I have lost far more—far more,—
I have lost my wife and children,
All I loved—and now deplore."

Guerras de Granada.

ROMANCE.

"Paseaba el Rey Moro."

The Moorish king was in Granada,
  Revelling in careless thought;
Then of the taking of Alhama,
  Mournful news to him was brought.
He threw in the fire the letters wildly,
  Scimitar'd the messenger,
He tore his beard in furious madness—
  Tore his beard—and tore his hair.
From his mule he then dismounted,
  On his noblest steed he sprung;
He bid the trump of war be sounded,
  With silver timbrels the city rung.
Valiant Moors around him gather:
  How they rush the streets along!
All to the summons of the battle,
  Crowd on crowd, and throng on throng.
"Why this summons, Moorish monarch,
  Why are we summon'd hither, now?"
Said Granada's ancient warden;
  Snowy locks were on his brow.
"Ye are summon'd," said the monarch,
  "Of Alhama's loss to hear."—
  Now, O king! thy senseless passions,
  Now indeed have cost thee dear,

Thou didst kill the Bencerrages—
  They who were Granada's joy:
Give the faithless Jews protection—
  Didst in Cordoba destroy,
Spite of laws and spite of honour,
  That resplendent Cavalier:
Many friends did then desert thee,
  Many foes thou fosteredst there."
" Spare me now—will none attend me?
  Ours shall be Alhama yet!"
" Monarch! dreaming of Alhama,
  Thou Granada dost forget.
Let it not be unprotected,
  If thou to Alhama go:
Thou must have a valiant army,
  For thou hast a valiant foe.
He who gain'd it will maintain it."
  " Say, what valiant knight is this?"—
" He is Roderic of Leon,
  Marquis he of Cadiz is.
Martin de Galindo second,
  He who first the turrets scaled:"
Now they march'd upon Alhama,
  But their marches nought avail'd—
Bold the attack,—but the defenders
  Were as resolute as they:
So the king towards Granada
  Turn'd his disappointed way.

Guerras de Granada.

ROMANCE.

"Sale la estrella de Venus."

Now appears the star of Venus,
  Sol's last ray the mountain gilds,
While the night, in dusky mantle,
  Travels o'er the darkening fields.
See yon Moorish warrior flying
  From Sidonia's open gate,
Near the sunny banks of Xerez,
  Fierce and proud—but desolate.
By the stream of Guadalete,
  To that port of splendid fame,
Honour'd by far-distant ages
  With our Lady's blessed name.*
He is born of lineage noble,
  All his sires of high degree,
But his once-loved maid has left him,
  Taunting him with poverty.
Faithless fair one! and this evening
  She has pledged her recreant hand
To proud Seville's base *alcalde*,
  Dignified with high command.
To the careless winds of heaven,
  To the rocks and woods he cries;

* Port Saint Mary's.

Nought but pitying Echo hears him—
  Pitying Echo still replies.
"Zayde!—Zayde!—far more cruel
  Than the wreck-absorbing wave;
Harder than the hardest mountain,
  Whose old feet the waters lave;
Tell me, cruel maiden! tell me,
  Shall the charms that once were mine
Be devoted to another?
  Wilt thou call another thine?
Wilt thou twine thy youthful tendrils
  Round a proud and rugged tree;
Leaving mine all stripp'd and blasted;
  Flowerless—fruitless, left by thee?
He, thy choice, is poor though wealthy—
  Him whom thou fleest rich though poor:
Hast thou learnt than wealth of spirit
  Wealth of clay to value more?
Wilt thou then Gazul abandon,
  Six sweet years of love now flown,
For this treacherous Albenzayde,
  For this stranger all unknown?
O! may Alla, in his justice,
  Give thee for thy love, his hate,—
While, in dark communion near thee,
  Jealousy and fury wait!
Let no slumbers soothe thy pillow,
  Tired and restless night and day;
Grief and sorrows thicken round thee;
  Peace, and hope, and joy decay.

When the festive crowds assemble,
  Shouts and music fill the air,
May he guard thee like a prisoner
  Chain'd to darkness and despair.
May he scorn thee at the tourney,
  So to torture thy proud thought;
And despise the rich *almayzar*
  And the *manga* thou hast wrought.
Mayst thou see another maiden's
  Name upon his battle-shield;
Let him give to her his prisoners,
  Turning from the battle-field.
Rather in the Christian's battle
  Mayst thou see that husband die;
May he die ere he enjoys thee;
  Let my curses round him fly.
But shouldst thou indeed abhor him,
  Be he thine for ages!——worse,
Hatred's self can never wish thee,
  Malice has no bitterer curse!"
Thus he spoke; and straight to Xeres,
  Full of madness, sped along,
And he finds the *alcalde's* palace
  Bright with torches, gay with song.
There a thousand lamps are burning,
  Thousand voices shouting there;
All is gaiety and gladness—
  What does this intruder here?
He his trusty steed has mounted,
  To the bridegroom swift he hies,

And the crowds make way before him,
  While he pays his courtesies.
Ha! his bloody lance has traversed
  The *alcalde's* fluttering breast,
And his life-blood now is flowing,
  Flowing through his purple vest.
O what horror! what confusion,
  Desolation, and dismay!
While the stern, unnoticed murderer,
  To Medina takes his way.

Fernandez, tom. xvi. p. 94.

ROMANCE.

"Moriscos, los mis Moriscos."

Moorish soldiers, Moorish soldiers,
  Ye on whom my bounty showers,
Go and raze the proud Baeza,
  Spite of all Baeza's towers:
Give them up to cruel slaughter;
  Fill the plain with mourning weeds;
Mothers, sires, and youths, and virgins,
  Tie them to your furious steeds;
But old Pedro Dias' daughter,
  For she is my mistress, spare,
And with Leonōr her sister,
  And their train, bring safely here.
You, my captain—you, Vanegas,
  Bring her with all honour due;
'Tis to you that I commit her,
  For you are both brave and true,
And I charge you, treat her nobly—
  Let her not complain of you.

Guerras de Granada, 196.

I'LL SERVE THEE, LADY!

"A una dama he de servir."

O! I WILL serve thee, lovely maid!
By night and day thy vot'ry be;
And, when my mortal frame is dead,
My soul shall worship thee.

Yes! I will serve thee, gentle maid!
Although thy heart of marble be;
Will sleep beneath the forest shade,
While fall the night-dews silently.
Wilt thou resist me, lovely one!
Nor lend one smile of love to me?
Then, when my mortal shade is gone,
My soul shall worship thee!

Yes! I will love thee, maiden fair!
Thy form is pure as crystal bright;
We'll to the rose-tree grove repair,
And revel in our love's delight.
Without thee, joy and life are fled—
O give both joy and life to me;
And, when my mortal frame is dead,
My soul shall worship thee!

Yes! I will bless thee, nymph of love!
  For youth is sparkling in thy eye;
Our bliss shall be to pay and prove
  Love's fairest, loveliest ecstasy.
Then give me back again, sweet maid!
  All that affection gave to thee,
And, when my mortal frame is dead,
  Give back my soul to me!

Silva de Romances.

I AM YOUNG AND—O! SINCERE.

"Vanse mis amores."

MOTHER! my love is all departed,
  And I am left in sorrow here;
And I shall perish, broken-hearted,
  For I am young and—O! sincere.

How could I bear, how bear disdain,
  Who not the slightest favour ever
Received without a blush of pain;
  How could I bear disdain?—O never!
One hour of absence, swift and brief,
  I could not bear—how should I bear
A long and tedious age of grief,
  An age of grief, and gloom, and fear?
O! I shall die without relief,
  For I am young and—O! sincere.

Mother! you think my heart conceals
  The thoughts my tongue in vain would speak;
No! love would breathe the thought it feels:
  Lest love's distended heart should break.
I seek the spot where thou didst dwell,
  And sorrow sinks my spirits there;

Look! for my gloomy eyelids tell
  My cause of grief—my thoughts of care.
Yes! I shall die! I loved too well—
  For I am young and—O! sincere.

Silva de Romances.

NATIONAL AIR.

"Vivir en cadenas cuan triste es vivir."

How wretched the fate of the fetter-bound slave!
How green and how holy the patriot's grave!
Let us rush to the field! for the trump from afar
Calls Spaniards to triumph, and heroes to war!
Our country in tears sends her sons to the plain
To conquer,—to perish for freedom and Spain!

O list to the summons! the blood of our sires
Boils high in our veins,—and 'tis vengeance inspires.
Who bows to the yoke? who bends to the blow?
No hero will bend, and no Spaniard will bow!
Our country in tears sends her sons to the plain
To conquer,—to perish for freedom and Spain!

My children, farewell! my beloved, adieu!
My heart's blood shall flow in its torrents for you;
These arms shall be red with the gore of the slain,
Ere they clasp thee, fond wife! to this bosom again!
Our country in tears sends her sons to the plain
To conquer,—to perish for freedom and Spain!

BARTOLOME LEONARDO DE ARGENSOLA.

SOUL AND SENSE.

"El hombre fue de dos principios hecho."

THERE are two principles in man that strive
For ever for the mastery: he is bound
Even to the vilest reptiles on the ground,
And to the meanest plant or flower alive;
Yet he has glory struggling in his breast—
Glory that has its fountain-source above:
He stands erect in majesty and love,
And power, and joy, and feels that he is blest.
Let him beware, then, that his earthly part
Bend not his heavenly to its narrow sphere,
Nor clouds with darkness this his mortal state;
And, if he faint a moment, let his heart
Find comfort in the thought—that even here
He may the stars sublimely contemplate!

Zaragoza, 1634, p. 345.

SONNET.

"Dime padre comun pues eres justo."

TELL me, Thou common Father,—tell me why,
(Since thou art just and good) dost thou permit
Successful fraud, securely throned, to sit,
While innocence, oppress'd, stands weeping by?
Why hast thou nerved that strong arm to oppose
Thy righteous mandates with impunity,
While the meek man who served and reverenced Thee
Lies at the feet of Thine and virtue's foes?

Why (said I, in despair) should vice confound
All nature's harmony, and tower above
In all the pomp, and pride, and power of state?
Then I look'd upwards,—and I heard a sound
As from an angel, smiling through heaven's gate,
"Is earth a spot for heaven-born souls to love?"

Zaragoza, 1634, p. 330.

ALONSO DE BONILLA.

LET 'S HOLD SWEET CONVERSE.

"Quieres hoy conversacion."

"LET 's hold sweet converse ere we part,
Beloved fair!" "'Tis sweet to be
With thee, the husband of my heart."
"I 'll in the garden wait for thee."
"When?" "At the sacred vesper-bell."
"That is the hour in which I dwell
Within the souls I love, and there
Fill the pure shrine with praise and prayer."
"But if, when dawns the vesper hour,
I should be absent——" "Nay, my soul!
Lose not the holy, hallowing power
Of evening's serene control."
"I 'll come;—that hour shall not depart
Without thy smile who hold'st my heart!"
"I 'll in the garden wait for thee."
"When?" "At the sacred vesper-bell."
"Yes! come, O come!—my breast shall be
A garden of fair flowers for thee,
Where thou the fairest flowers shalt cull."

"And wilt thou give a flower to me?"
"Yes! flowers more bright, more beautiful,
Than ever in earth's gardens grew,
If thou wilt trust and love me too."
"Yes! I will trust and love thee well;"
"I 'll in the garden wait for thee."
"When?" "At the sacred vesper-bell."

Pensamientos peregrinos, Baeza, 1614, p. 117.

FRANCISCO DE BORJA,

PRINCE OF ESQUILACHE.

SILVIA'S SMILE.

"Si alegres y risueñas."

When bright and gay the waters roll
  In crystal rivers to the sea,
'Midst shining pearls, they take, my soul!
  Their sweetest, loveliest smile from thee;
And when their dimpling currents flow,
They imitate thy laughing brow.

When morning from its dusky bed
  Awakes with cold and slumbering eye,
Ere yet he wears his tints of red,
  He looks to see if thou art nigh,
To offer thee a diadem
Of every ruby,—every gem.

When spring leads on the joyous sun,
  He brightens on thy eyes, and takes
A nobler lustre,—when the dun
  And darksome April first awakes,

And gives his better smiles to May,
He keeps for thee his fairest day.

There are some idle bards who dream
  That they have seen, with raptured eyes,
The smiling field,—the dimpled stream,—
  And, (strange deceit!) the laughing skies.
My Silvia! field,—nor stream,—nor sky
E'er smiled, but when thy smile was nigh.

Tyrants there are:—but when they slay
  They smile not. O, my Silvia! thou
Art far more cruel, far than they.
  The Aurora, on the mountain's brow,
When it destroys the dying night,
Mourns o'er its tomb in tears of light.

But thou canst smile, and yet destroy:
  And oft within thy eyes I see
A radiant throne of love and joy,
  Which is,—but cruel mockery.
That smile, which such fair dimples wears,
Is for my thoughts a fount of tears.

Obras en verso, Amberes, 1663, p. 288.

WHITHER IS SHE GOING?

"La Zagala mas bella de nuestro lugar."

WHITHER is she going?—whither is she going?
Sweetest maid of sweetest maidens,—she, our village-pride,—
Fresher than the day-break,—lighter than the day,—
Whither is she going?
O she is gone to the greenest meadow's side,
Where the sweet flow'rets are growing.
She gathers and she scatters sweet flow'rets on her way:
Look! how the flow'rets are blowing.
'Tis the day of Saint John,—th' Evangelist's day,—
Whither is she going?

Romancero, Zaragoza, 1651, p. 503.

YE LAUGHING STREAMLETS, SAY?

"¿ Fuentecillas que reis?"

Ye laughing streamlets, say,
Sporting with the sands, where do ye wend your way
From the flow'rets flying,
To rocks and caverns hieing:
When ye might sleep in calmness and peace,
Why hurry thus in wearying restlestness?

Obras. Amberes, 1663, p. 395.

EPITAPH.

" Aqui la joventud gallarda y fuerte."

SLUMBERING on earth's cold breast, serene beneath,
Youth (all its fire and glory dim) reposes,—
And this pale, peaceful monument discloses
Life's weakness, and the omnipotence of death!

Love sits with tearful eye upon the tomb,
And speeds his erring shafts,—his thoughtful care
(In memory of his sorrow and his gloom)
Hath raised this dear,—this sad memorial here.

He scarce had pass'd life's portals on the wing
Of youthful joy,—while hope expectant hung
Upon his talents and his silver tongue,—
Ere fate's dark mandate, fierce and threatening,
Tore him away,—and, reckless, with him tore
All that had taught us to bear woe before.

Obras. Zaragoza, 1651, p. 38.

TOME BURGUILLOS.

TO-MORROW AND TO-MORROW.

"Tanto mañana y nunca ser mañana."

DREAMING of a to-morrow, which to-morrow
Will be as distant then as 'tis to-day;
For Phœbus, who oft teazes man with sorrow,
Will never turn his car to light my way;
So that I 'm certain now *that* morning's ray
Will never dawn; and Phillis thou mayst borrow
Some other phrase from language for to-morrow,
To-morrow, and to-morrow, but betray;
I call'd upon Dan Cupid,—(when I find
Sweet company, I never walk alone),
And said, come with me, an' you are inclin'd;
Let 's seek this maiden morrow, for I groan
Impatient:—then I curse my eyes,—they 're blind.
O no! I will not curse them,—they 're my own.

Rimas de T. Burguillos. Madrid, 1674, p. 38.

LUIS DE CAMOES.

I 'LL BE A MARINER!

"Irme quiero madre."

I 'LL go to yon boat, my mother;
  O yes! to yon boat I 'll go;
I 'll go with the mariner, mother,
  And be a mariner too.

Mother, there 's no withstanding;
  For wheresoe'er I am driven
  It is by the will of heaven,
Or the infant god's commanding;
He plays with my heart at will,
  I feel it with love o'erflow;—
I 'll go with the mariner, mother,
  And be a mariner too.

Mother, 'tis vain complaining;
  Omnipotence is his boast;
  I feel that my soul is lost,
And nought but my body remaining:
The mariner 's dying, mother—
  He must not die—I 'll go—
I 'll go with the mariner, mother,
  And be a mariner too.

He 's a tyrant without example!
  This little usurping lord,
  With a single look or word,
A king in the dust will trample:
If the mariner goes, my mother,
  If the mariner 's bent to go,
I 'll go with the mariner, mother,
  And be a mariner too.

Tell me, ye waves, if ever
  A nymph so soft and fair
  Sped o'er your waters there;
Tell me, ye waves! O, never!
'Tis nothing to me, my mother—
  What love commands I 'll do;
I 'll go with my mariner, mother,
  And be a mariner too.

Obras. Lisboa, 1668, p. 341.

THE BURIED WOE.

" De dentro tengo mi mal."

My woe is buried deep within;
Without no evidence is seen.

My woe, within my heart enshrin'd,
  Is veil'd from every mortal eye;
  The body knows no sympathy,
That 's the proud privilege of the mind.
'Tis like a living spark that 's hid
Beneath an alabaster lid:
  My woe is buried deep in me.

Idem.

CARTAGENA.

NO, THAT CAN NEVER BE.

"Partir quiero yo."

Yes! I must leave,—O, yes!
But not the thoughts of thee,
For that can never be.

To absence, loneliness,
'Tis vain,—'tis vain to flee;
I see thee not the less,
When memory's shades I see;
And how can I repress
The rising thoughts of thee?
No! that can never be.

Yet must I leave;—the grave
Shall be a home for me,
Where fetter'd grief shall have
A portion with the free.
I, other than a slave
To thy strange witchery,
Can never, never be!

Cancionero General, Valencia, 1511, p. 147.

PAIN IN PLEASURE.

"Voluntud no trabajeis."

O LABOR not, impatient will!
With anxious thought and busy care,
Whatever be thy doom,—whate'er
Thy power,—or thy perverseness,—still
A gem of sorrow will be there.

If thou wilt think of moments gone,
Of joys as exquisite as brief,
Know, Memory, when she lingers on
Past pleasure, turns it all to grief.
The struggling toil for bliss is vain,
The dreams of hope are vainer yet,
The end of glory is regret,
And death is but the goal of pain,
And memory's eye with tears is wet.

Cancionero General, Valencia, 1511, p. 124.

CRISTOVAL DE CASTILLEJO.

WOMEN.

"Sinmugeres."

How dreary and lone
The world would appear
If women were none!
'Twould be like a fair,
With neither fun nor business there.

Without their smile,
Life would be tasteless, vain, and vile;
A chaos of perplexity,
A body without a soul 'twould be;
A roving spirit, borne
Upon the winds forlorn;
A tree without or flowers or fruit,
A reason with no resting place,
A castle with no governor to it,
A house without a base.
What are we? what our race?
How good for nothing and base
Without fair woman to aid us!
What could we do? where should we go?
How should we wander in night and woe,

But for woman to lead us?
How could we love if woman were not?
Love—the brightest part of our lot;
Love—the only charm of living;
Love—the only gift worth giving?
Who would take charge of your house, say who?
Kitchen, and dairy, and money-chest?
Who but the women, who guard them best;
Guard, and adorn them too?
Who like them has a constant smile,
Full of peace, of meekness full,
When life's edge is blunt and dull,
And sorrow and sin, in frowning file,
Stand by the path in which we go
Down to the grave through wasting woe?
All that is good is theirs, is theirs,—
All we give and all we get;
And if a beam of glory yet
Over the gloomy earth appears,
O, 'tis theirs!—O, 'tis theirs!
They are the guard,—the soul,—the seal
Of human hope and human weal:
They,—they,—none but they!
Woman,—sweet woman,—let none say nay!

Obras. Amberes, 1598, p. 166.

VIOLANTE DO CEO.

WHILE TO BETHLEM WE ARE GOING.

"Antes que a Belen partamos."

"WHILE to Bethlem we are going,
Tell me, Blas, to cheer the road,
Tell me why this lovely infant
Quitted his divine abode?"
"From that world to bring to this
Peace, which, of all earthly blisses,
Is the brightest, purest bliss."

"Wherefore from his throne exalted,
Came he on his earth to dwell—
All his pomp a humble manger,
All his court a narrow cell?"
"From that world to bring to this
Peace, which, of all earthly blisses,
Is the brightest, purest bliss."

"Why did he, the Lord eternal,
Mortal pilgrim deign to be,
He who fashion'd for his glory
Boundless immortality?"

"From that world to bring to this
Peace, which, of all earthly blisses,
Is the brightest, purest bliss."

Well then! let us haste to Bethlem,
Thither let us haste and rest:
For of all heaven's gifts the sweetest
Sure is peace—the sweetest, best.

Parnaso Luzitano. Lisboa, 1723, p. 330.

NIGHT OF MARVELS.

"Pues en esta feliz noche."

In such a marvellous night, so fair
And full of wonder strange and new,
Ye shepherds of the vale declare
Who saw the greatest wonder? Who?

FIRST. I saw the trembling fire look wan.
SECOND. I saw the sun shed tears of blood.
THIRD. I saw a God become a man.
FOURTH. I saw a man become a God.

O, wond'rous marvels! at the thought,
The bosom's awe and reverence move;
But who such prodigies has wrought?
What gave such wonders birth? 'Twas love!

What call'd from heaven that flame divine,
Which streams in glory from above;
And bid it o'er earth's bosom shine,
And bless us with its brightness? Love!

Who bid the glorious sun arrest
His course, and o'er heaven's concave move
In tears,—the saddest, loneliest,
Of the celestial orbs? 'Twas love!

Who raised the human race so high,
  Ev'n to the starry seats above,
That, for our mortal progeny,
  A man became a God? 'Twas love!

Who humbled from the seats of light
  Their Lord, all human woes to prove;
Led the great source of day—to night;
  And made of God a man? 'Twas love!

Yes! love has wrought, and love alone,
  The victories all,—beneath,—above:
And earth and heaven shall shout, as one,
  The all-triumphant song of love.

The song through all heaven's arches ran,
  And told the wondrous tales aloud,—
The trembling fire that looked so wan,
  The weeping sun behind the cloud.
A God—a God—become a man!
A mortal man become a God!

Parnaso Luzitano. Lisboa, 1723, p. 347.

HIERONIMO DE CONTRERAS.

SIGHS.

"Entre todos los remedios."

When hearts are sad, the remedy
That 's sweetest is to sigh.

No torment e'er oppress'd the heart
  Which was not soften'd by the dew
Of melancholy thought,—whose smart
  Is light and salutary too.
A breathed alas! will oft renew
  A broken link of sympathy.
  O, 'tis most sweet to sigh!

When deepest in the pensive breast
  Some sacred, secret sorrow lies,
The spirit drags it from its rest
  By the strong alchemy of sighs,
  And tears, their natural allies;
There 's magic in a tearful eye.
O, 'tis most sweet to sigh!

But when the wound has pierced so deep
  That hope can neither cure nor cheer,
'Twere better far in death to sleep
  Than to live on despairing here;
  But if he will live on, a tear
Or sigh some comfort may supply.
O, 'tis most sweet to sigh!

There are insufferable woes
  Which must be suffer'd,—man must bear
Terrors, and terror-waking throes,
  Which language dares not,—nor could dare
  To compass. Let his heart beware:
He may not speak,—but he may die.
O, 'tis most sweet to sigh!

Silva de Aventuras, Salamanca, 1573, p. 42.

MARIA DOCEO.

COVER ME WITH FLOWERS.

"Cubridme de flores."

FLING your sweet flowers,—scatter'd beneath,—
I 'm sick with love; I wait for death.
Rain down, in fragrant showers,
All the rich odours of your bowers:
Fling your sweet flowers!
For love's attractive breath
Smells like an odoriferous wreath
Scatter'd beneath.
Jasmins and pinks above,
Lilies, and all that deck the grove:—
I 'm sick with love.
Wouldst thou know why? My breath
Fails,—and in weak accents saith,
I wait for death!

Obras, Madrid, 1774, p. 183.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

"Piedra levantada."

The stones they raise,
Life's hope decays—
With insults greeted
And woes repeated—
Affection gone,
Woe stands alone;
Who suffers this? O tell!
'Tis he who loves so well.

Lights darken'd all,
The stone-showers fall,
The wild winds blowing,
His long hair flowing,
His eyes are wet,
Thorns wound his feet.
Who suffers this? O tell!
'Tis he who loves so well.

Perplex'd the road,
His breast a load;
His heart is torn:
The world in scorn—
The flowers are faded,
The sun is shaded.

Who suffers this? O tell!
'Tis he who loves so well.

What weary sighs,
And weeping eyes,
And plaints forbid,
And glories hid,
And absence drear
From friends sincere.
Who suffers this? O tell!
'Tis he who loves so well.

A clouded star,
A journey far,
A fearful doom,
A day of gloom;
The path mistaken—
By all forsaken.
Who suffers this? O tell!
'Tis he who loves so well.

Obras, p. 165.

JUAN DEL ENCINA.

DON'T SHUT YOUR DOOR.

"Ninguno cierre las puertas."

Don't shut your door,—don't shut your door:
If love should come and call,
'Twill be no use at all.

If love command, you 'd best obey,
  Resistance will but hurt you;
And make, for that 's the safest way,
  Necessity a virtue.
So don't resist his gentle sway,
Nor shut your door if he should call,
For that 's no use at all.

I 've seen him tame the wildest beast,
  And strengthen too the weakest:
He loves him most who plagues him least;
  His favourites are the meekest.
The privileged guests who grace his feast
Have ne'er opposed his gentle call,
For that 's no use at all.

He loves to tumble upside down
  All classes,—all connexions,—
Of those who fear, or wear a crown,
  He mingles the affections;
Till all by love is overthrown,
And moated gate or castle wall
Will be no use at all.

He is a strange and wayward thing,—
  Young, blind, and full of malice,—
He makes a shepherd of a king,
  A cottage of a palace.
'Tis vain to murmur; and to fling
Your thoughts away in grief and gall
Will be no use at all.

He makes the coward brave;—he wakes
  The sleepy with his thunders;—
In mirth he revels, and mistakes,
  And miracles, and wonders;—
And many a man he prisoner makes,
And bolts the door:—you cry and call;
But 'tis no use at all.

Cancionero, Burgos, 1505, p. 98.

"LET US EAT AND DRINK, FOR TO-MORROW WE DIE."

"Gasajemonos de hucia."

Come, let 's enjoy the passing hour;
For mournful thought
Will come unsought.

Come, let 's enjoy the fleeting day,
And banish toil, and laugh at care;
For who would grief and sorrow bear
When he can throw his griefs away?
Away, away!—be gone, I say!
For mournful thought
Will come unsought.

So let 's come forth from misery's cell,
And bury all our whims and woes;
Wherever pleasure flits and goes,
O there we 'll be! O there we 'll dwell!
'Tis there we 'll dwell! 'tis wise and well;
For mournful thought
Will come unsought.

Yes; open all your heart! be glad,
Glad as a linnet on the tree:
Laugh, laugh away,—and merrily

Drive every dream away that 's sad.
Who sadness takes for joy is mad,—
And mournful thought
Will come unsought.

Cancionero, p. 97.

COME, LET US EAT AND DRINK TO-DAY.

"Hoy comamos y bebamos."

Come, let us eat and drink to-day,
And sing, and laugh, and banish sorrow,
For we must part to-morrow.

In Antruejo's honour—fill
  The laughing cup with wine and glee,
And feast and dance with eager will,
  And crowd the hours with revelry,
For that is wisdom's counsel still:
To-day be gay, and banish sorrow,
For we must part to-morrow.

Honour the saint—the morning ray
  Will introduce the monster death—
There's breathing space for joy to-day,
  To-morrow ye shall gasp for breath;
So now be frolicksome and gay,
And tread joy's round, and banish sorrow,
For we must part to-morrow.

Juan de Encina, p. 54. Burgos, 1505.

ALONSO DE ERCILLA.

From the Second Canto of the Araucana of Ercilla.

The Caciques of the Araucans are engaged in violent disputes about the command of the army, when Coloculus (the oldest of them) rises, and thus addresses them, when they were about to proceed to blows.

CACIQUES! defenders of our country, hear!
It is not envy wounds my tortured sight,
When I observe these struggles, who shall wear
Ambition's badge,—which had been mine of right;
For see my brow in aged wrinkles dight,
And the tomb tells me I must soon be there;—
'Tis love inspires me!—patriotism! zeal!—
Listen! my soul its counsels shall unveil.

To what vain honours, chiefs, aspire ye now?
And where the bulwarks of this towering pride?
Ye have been vanquish'd,—trod on, by the foe;
Defeat is echo'd round on every side.
What! are your conquerors thus to be defied,
That stand around with laurels on their brow!

Check this mad fury! wait the coming fray!
Then shall it crush the foe in glory's day.

What a wild rage is this that bears you on,
  Blindly, to sure perdition,—to despair!
These murderous, fratricidal swords throw down,
  Or point them at the tyrant! He is here!
  The Christian felons, noble chiefs! are near.
Spill their base blood! but spare, O spare your own!
Die if you will,—like men, like patriots die;
But dread a death of shame, of infamy.

Madden your weapons with th' enthusiast soul!
  O let them probe th' invader's inmost breast;
He who would chain you to his proud control,—
  To slavery, insult!—O 'twere wise, 'twere best
  To stay his fettering hand, nor tamely rest
While strength and valour on your efforts call!
Your blood, chiefs, is your country's!—guard it then
For her!—it is not yours, heroic men!

It grieves me not to see a warlike rage,—
  I hail the rapturous fury of the brave!
But never let its violence engage
  In struggles leading on to freedom's grave;
  Such madness loses what it seeks to save:
Discord's deep wounds, not valour can assuage.
I cannot bear it, chiefs!—if this must be,
Come wreak your waking violence on me.

Let me fall first; for I am sick of life,
  And wearied with misfortune:—let me die!
Devote my bosom to the horrid knife,
  Since these sad thoughts end not my misery!
  Happy the dying babe! O why was I
Thus made the victim of this vain world's strife?
Yet will I raise my voice, though weak and rude,—
The tears of age may touch the brave, the good.

In strength and valour ye all equal are;
  To each a noble heritage was given!
And power, and wealth, and bravery in war,
  Were equally conferr'd by bounteous Heaven.
  In greatness,—strength of soul,—ye all are even,
And each might rule the world, they blaze so far.
Now prove your worth by valiant hero-deeds:
This is no time for words! your country bleeds.

I trust your arms,—your hearts; nor aught suspect;
  The future smiles:—there is no thought of fear!
Yet it were wise some chieftain to elect
  Who all may govern, and whom all revere.
  Let it be he who yon vast log can bear
Longest upon his shoulder, firm, erect.
Since wealth and fortune made ye equal all,
Upon the strongest chief the lot shall fall.

Madrid, 1776, p. 27—29.

COMENDADOR ESCRIBA.

WELCOME DEATH.

"Ven muerte, tan escondida." Don Luis de D. n. c. 38.

Come, gentle death! come silently,—
And sound no knell, no warning give,
Lest the sweet bliss of welcoming thee
Should rouse my wearied soul to live.

Come like the rapid lightning's ray,
That wounds, but while it wounds is still;
It passes, voiceless, on its way,
And flings its mortal barb at will.
Thus soft, thus calm, thy coming be,
Else, death! this warning now I give,
That the sweet bliss of welcoming thee
Will rouse my weary soul to live.

Cancionero de Valencia, 1511, p. 128.

VICENTE ESPINEL.

FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY.

"Siempre alcanza lo que quiere."

He who is both brave and bold
  Wins the lady that he would;
But the courageless and cold
  Never did, and never could.

Modesty, in women's game,
  Is a wide and shielding veil:
  They are tutor'd to conceal
Passion's fiercely burning flame.
He who serves them brave and bold,
  He alone is understood;
But the courageless and cold
  Ne'er could win, and never should.

If you love a lady bright,
  Seek—and you shall find a way;
  All that love would say—to say—
If you watch the occasion right,

Cupid's ranks are brave and bold,
  Every soldier firm and good;
But the courageless and cold
  Ne'er have conquer'd—never could.

Rimas, Madrid, 1591, p. 139.

IF SHE FROWN MY HEART WOULD BREAK.

"Mil veces voy á hablar."

A THOUSAND, thousand times I seek
My lovely maid;
But I am silent still, afraid
That if I speak
The maid might frown, and then my heart
would break.

I 've oft resolved to tell her all,
But dare not—what a woe 'twould be
From doubtful favour's smiles to fall
To the harsh frown of certainty.
Her grace—her music cheers me now;
The dimpled roses on her cheek,
But fear restrains my tongue, for how,
How should I speak,
When, if she frown'd, my troubled heart
would break?

No! rather I'll conceal my story
In my full heart's most secret cell:
For though I feel a doubtful glory,
I 'scape the certainty of hell.
I lose, 'tis true, the bliss of heaven—

I own my courage is but weak;
That weakness may be well forgiven,
For should she speak
In words ungentle, O! my heart would break.

Idem, p. 143.

PAULINO DE LA ESTRELLA.

HE WHO SAVES HIS SOUL IS WISE.

"Quien se sabe salvar sabe."

All the wisdom ever taught
  By the world is vain and drear,
When before God's presence brought:
  Him to love, and serve, and fear,
Is true wisdom. By His hand
  He supports the world: who tries
To obey His high command,
  Spurning all the vanities
Worldly wisdom ever plann'd;—
  He who saves his soul is wise.

Thou ungrateful world! the scene
  Of deceit, and want, and woe;
Folly's stage, delusion's screen,
  And affection's overthrow:
'Neath thy flattering, flowery years,
  Many a hidden poison lies:

Like a dream of doubts and fears,
  Life glides by—and man, he dies!
Wisdom then her standard rears:
  He who saves his soul is wise.

Flores del desierto, Madrid, 1779, p. 220.

FERNANDEZ DE ALMEYDA.

THE TIMBREL.

"Tango vos el mi pandero."

When I strike thee, O my timbrel!
Think not that I think of thee.

Couldst thou know, ungentle timbrel,
  Couldst thou know my misery,
All thy notes of mirth and gladness
  Soon transform'd to gloom would be.
Couldst thou know that when I strike thee
  'Tis in sorrow's agony,
To escape the recollection
  Of the woes that visit me.

Sirs! my heart is now the mansion
  Of a clamorous misery:
Timbrel! dost thou hear my sadness?—
  Think not that I think of thee!

Cancionero General, Lisboa, 1517, p. 190.

JUAN FERNANDEZ DE HEREDIA.

PARTING.

" Puso tanto sentimiento."

To part, to lose thee, was so hard,
  So sad, that all besides is nought;
The pangs of death itself, compar'd
  With this, are hardly worth a thought.

There is a wound that never heals—
  'Tis folly e'en to dream of healing;
Inquire not what a spirit feels
  That aye has lost the sense of feeling.
My heart is callous now, and bared
  To every pang with sorrow fraught;
The pangs of death itself, compared
  To this, are scarcely worth a thought.

Cancionero General de Valencia, 1511, p. 128.

FRANCISCO DE FIGUEROA.

SONNET.

"De paso en paso injusto amor me lleva."

From day to day lamenting, lingering on,
Hurrying, but always weary, thus I tread
Life's thorny labyrinth, helpless and alone,
While tempests burst, or gather o'er my head.
What though fair nature's fields with flowers be spread?
Though bright and beautiful the summer sun?
Can music's voice awake the slumbering dead?
Can smiles delight the sad, heart-stricken one?

No! I abandon'd hope!—too long deceiv'd,
Flatter'd, and cheated—sentenced and repriev'd—
Then left despairing: I have ceased to build
Obelisks to folly;—come, then, crowds of cares,
Sorrow and sadness, bitterness and tears:
Life's cup of gall is mortal when 'tis fill'd.

Obras. Fernandez, vol. xviii., p. 1.

F. DE HERRERA.

SONNET.

"Duro es este peñasco levantado."

HARD is yon rock, around whose head,
Unfelt, the rudest tempests blow;
And chilling cold the silver snow
On nature's ample bosom spread.
But harder is that heart of thine,
And colder all its frozen streams,
Where passion ne'er inscribed a line,
And love's warm sunshine never gleams.

Deaf are the surges of the sea
To the loud plaint of misery,
Though less than thou unkind and rude:
Dark is the evening's dying fall,—
But what are these,—or aught, or all,
To a tired spirit's solitude?

Fernandez, vol. iv., p. 42.

LUIS GALVEZ DE MONTALVO.

HAVE NOUGHT TO DO WITH LOVE.

"Del amor y sus favores."

Of love, and all love's favour, this
Is the decision I approve—
Have nought at all to do with love!

I struggled long, till out of breath,
And wasted, for at last I found
'Twere better to contend with death,
Than with a foe whose rankling wound
Kills not, but never heals; a round
Of pangs he hurls. I swore, by Jove,
That I'd have nought to do with love.

O trust not him,—his lips are guile,
His words are murderous,—trust him not;
He laughs, and plays, and trifles, while
His arrow, dipp'd in gall, is shot.
I made a vow—I ne'er forgot
A vow so made. May heaven reprove,
If I have aught to do with love.

El Pastor Filida, Lisboa, 1589, p. 77.

O WIPE THOSE WEEPING EYES!

"Enxuga Filis tus ojos."

O WIPE those weeping eyes, my love!
For time may soothe the pangs you feel,
Which showers of tears will never heal.

O! if you deem that tears, in showers,
Can wash away distress, weep on!
Weep on!—the meadow's spring-time flowers,
The sands upon the shore, are none
To tears I'll shed,—'twere vainly done—
For time may soothe the grief we feel,
Which showers of tears could never heal.

Alas! were weeping wise: could tears
Give sorrow consolation, I,
Who wrap my woes in silent fears,
Would weep my very heart-springs dry;
Which, could I do, 'twere vain to try:
For time may soothe the pangs we feel,
Which showers of tears could never heal.

The slightest grief, the gentlest pain,
Was never yet by tears removed;
How doubly idle, then, how vain,
To deem that they whose hearts have loved,
And misery's desolation proved,
Can drown in tears the woes they feel—
Woes nought but time can ever heal.

Love is a fiery spirit—lave
With water, it more fiercely burns;
It had its birth-place in the wave,
And tears to food and fuel turns;
Then lend thy ear to him who mourns,
That time, and time alone, can heal
The tear-resisting woes you feel.

Pastor de Filida, p. 217.

ALL IS MUTABLE.

"No me alegran los placeres."

In pleasure there's no charm to me—
No thoughts of gloom with sadness dwell,
For both are mutable.

When pleasure comes with sparkling eye,
I watch it like a dream that's gone;
I know the sunshine in the sky
Proves that the dusk is hastening on;
The brightest blaze that gilds the dell
The soonest is dispersed and done—
For joy is mutable.

And sorrow has most charms for me,
When mantled in its gloomiest weeds,
Because I know to misery
I soon must cede—or misery cedes;
Then I grow bold, and struggle well
To bear the wound howe'er it bleeds,
For pain is mutable.

Idem.

GARCILASO DE LA VEGA.

SONNET.

"Como la tierna madre que el doliente."

As the fond mother when her suffering child
Asks some sweet object of desire with tears,
Grants it, although her fond affection fears
'Twill double all its sufferings; reconcil'd
To more appalling evils, by the mild
Influence of present pity,—shuts her ears
To prudence—for an hour's repose—prepares
Long sorrow—grievous pain.—I, lost and wild,
Thus feed my foolish and infected thought
That asks for dangerous aliment. In vain
I would withhold it.—Clamorous again
It comes—and weeps—and I 'm subdued—and nought
Can o'er that childish will a victory gain:
So have despair and gloom their triumphs wrought!

Barcelona, 1804, p. 193.

LUIS DE GONGORA.

THE SONG OF CATHARINE OF ARRAGON.

"Aprended flores de mi."

O TAKE a lesson, flowers! from me,
  How in a dawn all charms decay—
Less than my shadow doom'd to be,
  Who was a wonder yesterday.

I, with the early twilight born,
  Found, ere the evening shades, a bier;
And I should die in darkness lorn,
  But that the moon is shining here.
  So must *ye* die—though ye appear
So fair—and night your curtain be;
O take a lesson, flowers! from me.

My fleeting being was consol'd
  When the carnation met my view:
One hurrying day my doom has told—
  Heaven gave that lovely flower but two.
  Ephemeral monarch of the wold—
I clad in gloom—in scarlet he;
O take a lesson, flowers! from me.

The jasmin, sweetest flower of flowers,
  The soonest is its radiance fled;
It scarce perfumes as many hours
  As there are star-beams round its head.
  If living amber fragrance shed,
The jasmine, sure, its shrine must be:
O take a lesson, flowers! from me.

The bloody-warrior fragrance gives—
  It towers unblushing, proud, and gay:
More days than other flowers it lives—
  It blooms through all the days of May.
  I'd rather like a shade decay,
Than such a gaudy being be:
O take a lesson, flowers! from me.

Madrid, 1654, p. 139.

THAT'S A LIE,—THAT'S A LIE!

"Dineros son calidad
Verdad."

RICHES will serve for titles too—
That 's true—that 's true!
And they love most who oftenest sigh—
That 's a lie,—that 's a lie!

That crowns give virtue—power gives wit,
That follies well on proud ones sit;
That poor men's slips deserve a halter,
While honours crown the *great* defaulter;
That 'nointed kings no wrong can do,
No right, such worms as I and you—
That 's true,—that 's true!

To say a dull and sleepy warden
Can guard a many-portal'd garden;
That woes which darken many a day,
One moment's smile can charm away;
To say you think that Celia's eye
Speaks aught but trick and treachery—
That 's a lie,—that 's a lie!

That wisdom 's bought and virtue sold;
And that you can provide with gold,

For court a garter or a star,
And valour fit for peace or war;
And purchase knowledge at the U-
Niversity for P. or Q.—
That 's true—that 's true!

They must be gagg'd who go to court,
And bless, besides, the gagger for 't;
That rank-less must be scourged, and thank
The scourgers when they 're men of rank;
The humble, poor man's form and hue
Deserve both shame and suffering too—
That 's true—that 's true!

But wondrous favours to be done,
And glorious prizes to be won;
And downy pillows for our head,
And thornless roses for our bed;
From monarchs' words—you'll trust and try,
And risk your honour on the die—
That 's a lie—that 's a lie!

That he who in the courts of law
Defends his person, or estate,
Should have a privilege to draw
Upon the mighty river Plate;*
And, spite of all that he can do,
He will be pluck'd and laugh'd at too—
That 's true—that 's true!

* Silver River.

To sow of pure and honest seeds,
And gather nought but waste and weeds;
And to pretend our care and toil
Had well prepared the ungrateful soil;
And then on righteous Heaven to cry,
As 'twere unjust—and ask it why?
That's a lie—that's a lie!

Obras. Lisboa, II. p. 56.

SHORES OF THE SEA.

"La mas bella niña."

SWEET maiden! from our valley led
A widow lone—though lately wed;
Her eyes with tears were sad and sere,
And thus she bid her mother hear:
"Shores of the sea,
Leave grief to me.

"Why didst thou, mother! give to me
So young—short joy—long misery?
Why bind me in a wanderer's chain,
While I in lonely grief remain?
Shores of the sea,
Leave woe to me.

"I look'd and look'd—till every glance
Was frozen on my countenance
To icy tears—O what a war
While lo! my peace is wandering far!
Shores of the sea,
Leave grief to me.

"Let grief flow on—O check it not!
'Twere vain to check the gushing thought,

You love me—give no proof of hate—
'Twere better die—so desolate;
  Shores of the sea,
  Leave tears to me.

"Sweet mother mine! what breast could bear
Unmoved, although of marble 'twere,
When watching thus, its youth's decay
So fading year by year away:
  Shores of the sea,
  Leave grief to me.

"The nights may fly—for now is fled
The eye-light glancing o'er my bed;
The nights may go—for he is gone,
Who leaves me to my visions lone.
  Shores of the sea,
  Leave grief to me."

Obras, Madrid, 1654, p. 84.

NOT ALL SWEET NIGHTINGALES.

"No son todos ruiscñores."

THEY are not all sweet nightingales,
That fill with songs the flowery vales;
But they are little silver bells,
Touch'd by the winds in the smiling dells;
Magic bells of gold in the grove,
Forming a chorus for her I love.

Think not the voices in the air
Are from the winged Sirens fair,
Playing among the dewy trees,
Chanting their morning mysteries:
O! if you listen, delighted there
To their music scatter'd o'er the dales,
They are not all sweet nightingales,
That fill with songs the flowery vales;
But they are little silver bells,
Touch'd by the winds in the smiling dells;
Magic bells of gold in the grove,
Forming a chorus for her I love.

O! 'twas a lovely song—of art
To charm—of nature to touch the heart;
Sure 'twas some shepherd's pipe, which play'd
By passion fills the forest shade:

No! 'tis music's diviner part
Which o'er the yielding spirit prevails.
They are not all sweet nightingales,
That fill with songs the flowery vales;
But they are little silver bells,
Touch'd by the winds in the smiling dells;
Magic bells of gold in the grove
Forming a chorus for her I love.

In the eye of love, which all things sees,
The fragrance-breathing jasmine trees—
And the golden flowers—and the sloping hill—
And the ever melancholy rill—
Are full of holiest sympathies,
And tell of love a thousand tales.
They are not all sweet nightingales,
That fill with songs the cheerful vales;
But they are little silver bells,
Touch'd by the wind in the smiling dells;
Bells of gold in the secret grove,
Making music for her I love.

Silva de Romances.

COME, WANDERING SHEEP, O COME!

"Oveja perdida, ven."

COME, wandering sheep, O come!
  I'll bind thee to my breast,
I'll bear thee to thy home,
  And lay thee down to rest.

I saw thee stray forlorn,
  And heard thee faintly cry,
And on the tree of scorn,
  For thee I deign'd to die—
  What greater proof could I
Give,—than to seek the tomb?
Come, wandering sheep, O come!

I shield thee from alarms,
  And wilt thou not be blest?
I bear thee in my arms.
  Thou bear me in thy breast!
  O this is love—come, rest—
This is a blissful doom.
Come, wandering sheep, O come!

Obras. Madrid, 1654, p. 78.

ALVARO DE HINOJOSA Y CARBAJAL.

THE VIRGIN AND HER BABE.

"Virgen como sois aurora."

VIRGIN, that like morn appears,
With her babe—a flow'ret too,
Sprinkled with the sparkling dew
Of his pure and holy tears.

When across the mountain's height
  Lovely day-break flings her robe,
And with smiles of love and light
  Decorates the awakening globe;
Joy and gladness fill the heaven,
  When night's curtains are withdrawn:
Virgin! thou those smiles hast given,
  Thou—earth's brightest, fairest dawn.

All the rainbow's tints are spread
  Over clouds, and fields, and bowers—
Lo! the proud carnation red,
  Lo! that royal king of flowers,
Fragrant as 'tis glorious—sweet
  As 'tis stately—ever true
To the dawn——an emblem meet
  Of this babe—a flow'ret too.

Yes! that heavenly flow'ret fell
  From its father's breast—conceal'd
In its mother's breast to dwell;
  In a mortal vestment veil'd,—
Heavenly image—earthly mould—
  Beautiful as bright to view,
O what charms its leaves unfold,
  Drench'd with suffering's sparkling dew!

In the valley see it sleep,—
  On its brow the death-sweats lie;
O'er its wreck the tempests sweep,
  And the herds pass careless by.
Know—that though its darken'd orb
  Dimm'd in earth's low valley lies,
Every tear earth's clods absorb
  In a dew of paradise.

Libro de Santa Ines, Braga, 1611, p. 171.

JUAN MANUEL.

ROMANCE.

"Gritando va el caballero."

All alone the knight is wandering,
  Crying with a heavy tone;
Clad in dark funereal garments,
  Lined with serge, he walks alone—
To the dreary, trackless mountains
  He retires to weep and mourn.
Barefoot—lonely—and deserted,
  Swearing never to return,
Where the voice of lovely woman
  Might betray him to forget
Her, whose ever-blessed memory,
  Lives within his heart-shrine yet.
Her who, promised to his passion,
  Ere he had possess'd her died!
Now he seeks some desert country,
  There in darkness to abide.
In a distant, gloomy mountain,
  Where no human beings dwell;
There he built a house of sadness,
  Sadder than the thoughts can tell.

Of a yellow wood he built it,
  Of a wood that 's call'd despair ;*
Black the stone that form'd the dwelling,
  Black the blending mortar there.
Roof he raised of gloomy tilings,
  O'er the beams of ebony;
Sheets of lead he made his flooring,
  Heavy as his misery.
Leaden were the doors he sculptured,
  His own chisel carved the door,—
His own weary fingers scatter'd
  Faded vine leaves on the floor.
He who makes his home with sorrow
  Should not fly to joy's relief:
Here, in this dark, dolorous mansion,
  Dwelt he, votary of grief.
Discipline is his, severer
  Than the mouths of stern Paulār ;
And his bed was made of tendrils,
  And his food those tendrils are ;
And his drink is tears of sorrow,
  Which soon turn'd to tears again.
Once a day he eat—once only,—
  Sooner to be freed from pain.
Like the wood the walls he painted,
  Like that dark and yellow wood ;
There a cloth of silk suspended,
  White as snow in solitude ;

* Desesperar.

And an alabaster altar
  Even before that emblem stood,—
There a taper of bitumen
  O'er the altar faintly moved;
And the image of his lady,
  Of the lady that he loved,
There he placed; her form of silver,
  And her cheeks of crystal clear,
Clad in robes of silvery damask,
  Such as richest maidens wear;
Next a snow-white convent-garment,
  And a flounce of purest white,
Cover'd o'er with moons, whose brightness
  Shed a chaste and gentle light;
On her head a royal coronet,
  Such as honour'd monarchs see—
'Twas adorn'd with chestnut branches
  Gather'd from the chestnut tree.
Mark! beneath that word mysterious
  Hidden sense may chance to be—
Chestnut-branches may betoken,
  May betoken chastity.*
Two and twenty years the maiden
  Lived, and died so fair, so young—
Tell me how such youth and beauty
  Should in fitting words be sung?
Tell me how to sing his sorrow,
  Who thus mourn'd his perish'd maid:—

* *Castañas—casta* (chaste).

There he lived in woe and silence,
  With her image and her shade.
Pleasure from his house he banish'd,
  While he welcom'd pain and woe;
They shall dwell with him for ever,
  They from him shall never go.

Cancionero de Valencia, 1511, p. 135.

KING JOHN THE SECOND.

I NEVER KNEW IT, LOVE! TILL NOW.

"Amor nunca pensé."

I NE'ER imagined, love! that thou
  Wert such a mighty one; at will
Thou canst both faith and conscience bow,
  And thy despotic law fulfil:
I never knew it, love! till now.

I thought I knew thee well,—I thought
  That I thy mazes had explor'd;
But I within thy nets am caught,
  And now I own thee, sovereign lord!
I ne'er imagined, love! that thou
  Wert such a mighty one; at will
Thou bidst both faith and conscience bow,
  And thy despotic law fulfil:
I never knew it, love! till now.

Trescientas de Juan de Mena,
Amberes, 1552, p. 823.

ALONSO DE LEDESMA.

SLEEP.

"Quierote sueño de suerte."

O GENTLE sleep! my welcoming breath
  Shall hail thee midst our mortal strife,
  Who art the very thief of life,
The very portraiture of death!
'Tis sweet to feel thy downy wing
  Light hovering o'er our wonted bed;
  But who has heard thy lightsome tread,
Thou blind, and deaf, and silent thing?
Thou dost a secret pathway keep,
  Where all is darkest mystery:
  For me, to sleep is but to die—
For thee, thy very life is sleep.

Romancero de Ledesma, Madrid, 1615, p. 144.

MY SOUL IS IN MADRID.

"Gloria de mis ojos."

How can I live, fair planet!
  From all thy lustre hid?
My body's in Segovia,
  My soul is in Madrid.

I'm left alone in darkness,
  At every gust's control,
In sorrow and in nakedness,
  Without or sense or soul.
Yet, o'er my spirit's desert
  There towers a pyramid
With hopes of glory lighted:
  Despair must be forbid;
My body's in Segovia,
  My soul is in Madrid.

Idem, p. 116.

FRAY LUIS DE LEON.

ODE.

"Cuando contemplo el cielo."

When yonder glorious sky,
Lighted with million lamps, I contemplate;
And turn my dazzled eye
To this vain mortal state,
All dim and visiony, mean and desolate—

A mingled joy and grief
Fills all my soul with dark solicitude;
I find a short relief
In tears, whose torrents rude
Roll down my cheeks—or thoughts which thus intrude:

Thou so sublime abode!
Temple of light, and beauty's fairest shrine,—
My soul!—a spark of God,
Aspiring to Thy seats divine—
Why, why is it condemn'd in this dull cell to pine?

Why should I ask in vain
For truth's pure lamp—and wander here alone,
Seeking, through toil and pain,
Light from the Eternal One;
Following a shadow still, that glimmers and is gone?

Dreams and delusions play
With man—he thinks not of his mortal fate:
Death treads his silent way;
The earth turns round, and then, too late,
Man finds no beam is left of all his fancied state.

Rise from your sleep, vain men!
Look round—and ask if spirits born of heaven,
And bound to heaven again,
Were only lent or given
To be in this mean round of shades and follies driven.

Turn your unclouded eye
Up to yon bright, to yon eternal spheres;
And spurn the vanity
Of time's delusive years,
And all its flattering hopes, and all its frowning fears.

What is the ground ye tread,
But a mere point compared with that vast space,
Around, above you spread—
Where, in the Almighty's face,
The present, future, past, hold an eternal place?

List to the concerts pure
Of yon harmonious, countless worlds of light;
See, in his orbits sure,
Each takes his journey bright,
Led by an unseen hand through the vast maze of night.

See how the pale moon rolls
Her silver wheel;—and, scattering beams afar
On earth's benighted souls,
See wisdom's holy star—
Or, in his fiery course, the sanguine orb of war.

Or that benignant ray
Which love hath call'd its own, and made so fair;
Or that serene display
Of power supernal there,
Where Jupiter conducts his chariot through the air.

And, circling all the rest,
See Saturn, father of the golden hours:
While round him, bright and blest,
The whole empyreum showers
Its glorious streams of light on this low world of ours.

But who to these can turn,
And weigh them 'gainst a weeping world like this,—
Nor feel his spirits burn
To grasp so sweet a bliss,
And mourn that exile hard which here his portion is?

For there, and there alone,
Are peace and joy and never-dying love;
There, on a splendid throne,
'Midst all those fires above,
In glories and delights which never wane nor move.

O wondrous blessedness!
Whose shadowy effluence hope o'er time can fling;
Day that shall never cease:
No night there threatening—
No winter there to chill joy's ever-during spring.

Ye fields of changeless green,
Cover'd with living streams and fadeless flowers,
Thou paradise serene,
Eternal, joyful hours
My disembodied soul shall welcome in thy bowers.

Fernandez, x. p. 17.

VIRGIN BORNE BY ANGELS.

"Al cielo vais, Señora."

LADY! thou mountest slowly
O'er the bright cloud, while music sweetly plays;
Blest who thy mantle holy
With outstretch'd hand may seize,
And rise with thee to the Infinite of Days.

Around, behind, before thee,
Bright angels wait, that watch'd thee from thy birth:
A crown of stars is o'er thee,
The pale moon of the earth,
Thou, supernatural queen, nearest in light and worth.

Turn, turn thy milden'd gaze,
Sweet bird of gentleness! on earth's dark vale:
What flowerets it displays
Amidst time's twilight pale,
Where many a son of Eve in toils and darkness strays.

O! if thy vision see
The wandering spirits of this earthly sphere,
Virgin! to thee, to thee
Thy magnet voice will bear
Their steps, to dwell with bliss through all eternity.

Obras. Madrid, 1816, vi. p. 123.

LOPEZ DE AYALA.

LADY! STAR OF BRIGHEST RAY.

"Señora, estrella luciente."

LADY! star of brightest ray,
  Which this world of darkness guides,
Light thy pilgrim on his way,
  For his soul in thee confides!

Thou art like the fragrant bough
  Of the beauteous cassia-tree—
Like the Orient myrrh art thou,
  Whose sweet breath is worthy thee.
Lady! when the sufferer mourns,
  'Tis to thee he bends his eye:
'Tis to thee the sinner turns,
  Virgin of the cloudless sky!

Thee has wisdom's son compared
  To the towering cedar trees;
And thy church—which thou dost guard,
  To Mount Sion's cypresses.

Thou art like the palm-trees green,
  Which their richest fruits have given,
Thou the olive—radiant queen!
  Blooming in the book of heaven.

Brightest planet of the sea,
  Dazzling gate in heaven's abode—
Virgin in the agony,
  Mother, daughter, spouse of God.
Though the curse that Eve had brought
  O'er her children, threat'ning stood,
All the evil that she wrought,
  Lady! thou hast turn'd to good.

Böhl, No. 3.

JORGE MANRIQUE.

ODE.

"Recuerde el alma dormida."

AWAKE, awake, my sleeping soul!
Rouse from thy dreams of hope and fear,
And think, and see
How soon life's busy moments roll,
How soon the hour of death draws near,—
How silently!
How swiftly hurrying joy glides by,
And nought but sorrow's shade remains
Of vanish'd bliss:—
And sweeter is the memory
Of other moments' griefs and pains,
Than joys in this.

Then since the passing hour is fled,
Just like a vision to its home,
For ever banish'd,—
If we in wisdom's track are led,

Our souls will deem the hours to come
As also vanish'd;
And let deceit deceive no more
With dreams that any joys of earth
Will stand or stay:
They fly, even as they fled before;
They shrink from being at their birth,
And pass away.

Our lives are rivers flowing on
To that interminable sea,
The mighty grave:
There go, as there have ever gone,
All pomp, and pride, and royalty,
Which nought can save.
There roll the mountain's rapid streams,
There rolls the little gentle rill,—
There mingle all:
Lost in that ocean-tide, which seems
To swallow, though unsated still,
The great, the small.

I will not quote the hoary sages,
The poets of departed time,
And orators:
For he who trusts their flattering pages,
And listens to their dreams sublime,
Most surely errs.
To Him alone I bend my prayer,
I lift my voice to Him alone,—

Him, God ador'd;
Who, when a mortal wanderer here,
Was to the blinded earth unknown,
Though heaven's vast Lord!

This world is but a narrow road,
That leads us to our home of rest,
Far, far from woe:
So let us march to rest's abode,
And choose our path, the straightest, best,
While on we go.
Our birth begins our pilgrimage,
And life is but our onward way;
Our journey 's o'er
When we have reach'd the goal of age,—
We find the mansion of decay,
And tire no more.

And yet this idle world may be
A blessing and a glory, held
For what 'tis worth:
Since on the wings of piety
A well-train'd soul may be impell'd
To heaven from earth.
As God's high Son, inspired by love,
Descended from his mighty throne,
And dwelt with men,
And died,—our souls may soar above,
And, welcomed by the Holy One,
Be blest again.

O! could we but adorn the face,
The corporal face, with skilful art,
And beauty rare,
As we might clothe with glorious grace,
And angel charms, our brighter part,
And all that 's fair,—
O! what industrious, busy will,
What passion and what ardour we
Should bring to deck
The sensual captive with our skill;
While the bright soul of liberty
Might go to wreck.

And mark of what delusive worth
The fleeting things for which we sigh,
Satisfied never;
For, in this vain, deceitful earth,
We lose them even before we die—
Yes! lose for ever;
And time destroys them in its way,—
Vicissitude and accident,
And busy change,
All bear the seeds of self-decay;
And o'er the heights most eminent
The tempests range.

O tell me, tell me, beauty's cheek,
Its mingling charms, its rosy hues,
Its fragrant breath,
Where shall your vain inquiries seek

When youth retires, and age pursues,
And levelling death?
The busy thoughts, the active will,
The strength of youth, when youth is strong,
When tottering age
Comes stumbling onwards, weak and chill,
And fear's innumerable throng
Crowd on life's stage.

The azure Gothic blood, the line
Of ancestry, of long descent,
Of noble birth,
Through thousand paths its steps decline,
And all that 's proud and excellent
Is swept to earth.
Some sink from native vileness; some
From power that crushes them to dust,
In fortune's spite;
Some, skill'd in man, erect their home
In palaces of power and trust,
And laugh at right.

But let them laugh,—for trust and power,
Of all deceitful, shifting things,
The most deceive;
They are the dew-drops of an hour,
Which fortune sweeps on restless wings,
Pleased to bereave;
They are the dust which fortune throws
From off her ever-whirling wheel,

While rolling on;
It sports with human weal and woe,—
It cannot rest—it ne'er stands still—
It comes—'tis gone!

But let us deem them ours, till years
Conduct both them and us to where
Our graves are made:
Let 's not deceive ourselves,—midst cares
And dreams, our moments disappear
In mists and shade:
Let 's not deceive ourselves, but know
That all life's passing joys are mortal,
And fade or fly;
While the eternal pang of woe,
Beyond the dark grave's gloomy portal,
Can never die.

The dazzling dreams, the luscious sweets,
Which round life's gloomy passage dwell,
Are convent-walls,
Where pilgrim oft with pilgrim meets,
And hastens to death's gloomy cell,
And then he falls.
We reck not, but with breathless speed
We hasten o'er the travell'd track,
As driven by fate;
Then stop—Death calls,—take heed!—take heed!
And then we fain would hurry back,—
But 'tis too late!

We read of mighty monarchs driven
From highest pomp to low distress,
In ancient days;
Their sceptres and their glories riven,
Their strength reduced to helplessness,
And dimm'd their praise.
Death treats all mortal things the same,
And pope and prelate, king and count,
Alike he shocks;
He heeds no rank, respects no name;
Calls seer, or shepherd on the mount,
Or senseless flocks.

The Trojans are in darkness laid,
And all they thought, and all they did,—
Their losses—gains:
The Roman's history veil'd in shade,
That tower'd as towers a pyramid—
But nought remains.
Why should we seek the vain display
Of distant ages, treasured not
In memory's hold,
When the events of yesterday
Are vanish'd all—are all forgot,
As deeds of old.

Where is King Juan—tell me where?
The infantes, where, of Aragon,
And all their deeds?
Where many a splendid cavalier,

And many a nymph, and many a don,
And stately steeds,
And jousts and tourneys, many a crest,
And ornaments, and arms of gold,
And vizor'd brow?
They were a feverish dream at best,
A wreath with flowerets manifold,
All faded now.

Where are the proud and lofty dames,
Their jewell'd crowns, their gay attire,
Their odours sweet?
Where are the love-enkindled flames,
The bursts of passionate desire
Laid at their feet?
Where are the songs, the troubadours,
The music which delighted then?—
It speaks no more.
Where is the dance that shook the floors,
And all the gay and laughing train,
And all they wore?

And where is Juan's noble heir,
Enrique,—he whom power and pride
Bid soar so high?
How seeming permanently fair
The young world smiled on every side,
Then pass'd him by,
And, like a proud and treacherous foe,
Pour'd out on his defenceless head

Its scorn and hate;
And seem'd well pleased to overthrow
The pillar its own hand had led
To wealth and state.

The royal gifts profusely shed,
The palaces so proudly built,
With riches stor'd;
The roof with shining gold o'erspread,
The services of silver gilt,
The secret hoard,
The Arabian pards, the harness bright,
The bending plumes, the crowded mews,
The lacquey train,
Where are they?—where!—all lost in night,
And scatter'd as the early dews
Across the plain.

And his young brother—he who took
His title prematurely; then
His crowded court
Was honour's list, and flattery's book:
What long arrays of noblemen
Did there resort!
But he was mortal! Death's decree
Hurl'd unexpected bolts at him,
And closed his race.
O heaven's unerring mystery!
That did the burning flames bedim
Midst their bright blaze.

And that illustrious *constable*,
The noble *master* whom we saw
So proud, so high:
Silence on his sad doom were well,
He perish'd 'neath the stroke of law—
We saw him die!
His infinite treasure, vast estate,
His towns and villages, his power,
And high pretence,
Were turn'd to grief by frowning fate;
Joy changed to woe in one short hour,
When summon'd hence.

His other brothers—masters too—
That seem'd as prosperous as kings,
And just as proud;
What courtiers they around them drew,
And led them like enfetter'd things—
A bending crowd.
Where is their prosperous glory now,
That tower'd a lighted beacon o'er
Their fellow lords?
Extinguish'd in its brightest glow;
When dazzling most it shone no more
O'er prostrate hordes.

So many a lofty-titled name,
So many a marquis, duke, and count,
Of proud renown,
High-lifted on the rolls of fame,

Thou, Death, hast hurl'd from fortune's mount,
And tumbled down!
Where hast thou hid them, Death!—their deeds
Of peace serene, of sanguine war,
All buried, lost:
Thy hand misguides, thy path misleads,
Thy might destroys, and scatters far
Their pride and boast.

Their war-battalions, threatening round
Pennons and flags, and standards tall,
Which thought ne'er told:
The watery moat, the guarded mound,
Castle, portcullis, gate, and wall,
And bowmen bold:
The sheltering trench, the deep-dug cave
Made for retreat,—what serve they now,
When death has sped
His mortal arrow from the grave,
And tried his string, and bent his bow,
For other dead?

Thou dost begin thy path with tears,
And end that path with bitterness,
And labour vain:
Toil is the lot of middle years;
The more of age the more distress:
Most years, most pain.
Our joys just dawn when we decay;
Gather'd with sweat, and swiftly gone.

And soon forgot.
Woes come on rapid wings, and stay,
Tormenting still, and lingering on:
They vanish not.

O world! thou practised in deceit,
Were that vain life which thou dost give,
But life indeed!
But, ah! it has no joy so great
As when it bids us cease to live,
And says, "God speed;"
For life is but a desert rude,
Cover'd with darkness, fill'd with rocks,
And thorns, and woes;
Where 'tis in vain to look for good:
For sorrow frowns, and misery shocks,
And grief o'erflows.

Of him, who was the shield and tower
Of all the good,—him, loved, ador'd
By all the wise:
Roderic Manrique,—famed for power
And valour,—him, the generous lord,
Whose praise shall rise
Higher than praise of mine can soar:—
But why should I his deeds proclaim?—
Ye saw them all:
I need record his fame no more,
For all the world has heard a fame
Which ne'er can fall.

O what a friend of friends was he!
And what a lord to those below,
And those around:
What victor he in victory;
And to his foes how proud a foe;
What wit profound,
When laughing joy was there; what grace
In converse; what a mighty mind
In reason's use;
Benignant to his subject-race;
But to the reptiles of mankind
A lion loose.

His an Octavian's fortune; his
A Cæsar's glory in the fray;
And in the spoil
A Scipio's virtue; and the bliss
Of Hannibal in wisdom's way
And wisdom's toil;
In goodness, Trajan; earnest, warm,
And liberal as early youth—
A Titus he:
His was a Trojan's nervous arm:
And his Atilius' trust and truth,
From wavering free.

Clement as Pius; 'midst the throng
Of changing things his brow unmoved
As Fabius' brow;
The eloquence of Hadrian's tongue;

As Theodosius meek, and loved,
Loved then and now.
Aurelius he in discipline;
An Alexander, from his course
Unwont to rove;
He was in faith a Constantine,
And a Camillus in the force
Of patriot love.

He piled no wealth upon his floors,
No golden trophies round him blazed
In proud pretence;
But led his bands against the Moors,
And took their forts, their cities razed,
And drove them thence.
The stage where he his glories won
Was the red battle-field, deep-stain'd
With Moorish blood:
There, when the sanguine strife was done,
The lands, the vassals he obtain'd,
Which he subdued.

Those times are gone: the sour, the sweet,
Which fate in human portion blends,—
Those times are gone;
Gone too the days of sad defeat,
Where with his servants, brothers, friends,
He bore him on.
In that fierce war his foes, which laid
Submissive, when his conquering bands

Ruled nobly o'er;
And then what glorious leagues he made,
Which gave him towers, and towns, and lands,
More than before.

But these are hist'ries faded, old,
Wrought by his early youth, ere time
His hair had whiten'd:
But prouder conquests may be told,
When hoary age his course sublime
With glory brighten'd;
His talents then, his reverend age,
His influence gently used, his skill,
His mental strength,
Gave him a station on life's stage,
Where, on the top of honour's hill,
He sat at length.

The towns where once his fathers reigned,
By the perfidious Moors possess'd,
In bondage held,
By sieges and by wars he gained,
And never let the tyrants rest
Till they were quell'd.
Our monarch saw, and honour'd all,
The conquests of his conquering steel
Rewarding well:
And let the king of Portugal,
And let the ruler of Castille,
His victories tell.

And when so oft he had laid down
His life upon the battle's chance
With ready will,
And had so nobly served the crown,
His praise and glory to enhance,
Unwavering still:
And when his deeds of praise and fame
Had placed his glory on a rock
That seem'd so sure,—
Death to his town, Ocaña, came,
And roused him with a sudden knock,
At his own door;

And said—"Good knight! thou must depart,
And leave these shifting scenes below—
Thou mayst not stay:
So let thy valiant, steely heart
Its courage and its coolness show,
In this new fray:
Since thou couldst life and health despise,
And soar above terrestrial things,
While fetter'd here,
Now on thy native spirit rise,
And gird thy loins, and plume thy wings,
And chase thy fear.

"The battle to be fought, though hard,
Is far less dreadful than it seems:
Come on! come on!
For thou wilt gain a rich reward

In that bright memory which streams
From victories won.
There is a life which virtue lives,
In men's deep hearts inshrined, though this
Is passing too:
Yet the long living fame that gives
An earthly heaven to worth, is bliss
And glory true.

"This is the second life; the best
Was never gain'd in mortal strife,
Nor mundane joy:
Nor in the scenes of ease and rest,
Nor midst the murderous sins of life,
Which life destroy:
But in devotion's sainted cell,
Where monks and hermits pass their time
In prayers and woes;
And by bold warriors who repel,
Midst dangers, toils, and deeds sublime,
The Moorish foes.

"Thou noble warrior! who hast shed
Such mighty streams of pagan blood,
O fear not death!
The glorious wreath shall crown thy head,
With which this world rewards the good:
Yes! wear the wreath,
And with the high and holy hope,
Built safely on the faith divine,

Thou dost maintain,
Set out, and with death's horrors cope,
And the third life of bliss is thine,
Which thou shalt gain."

Let 's waste no words, for calm and still
I wait,—obey;—no idle speech
Submission needs:
For that which is my Maker's will
Shall be my will, whate'er it teach,
Where'er it leads.
I 'm ready now to die: I give
My soul to Heaven resignedly—
To death's great change:
For to desire and long to live,
When God desires that we shall die,
Were folly strange.

Thou who didst bend thee from above,
And take a mean and worthless name—
O sovereign grace!
Thou who didst clothe thee in thy love
With the low weeds of human shame,
To save our race:
Thou who didst bear the stripes abhorr'd,
And give thy sacred frame to bear
All mortal pain!
Not for my merit, heavenly Lord,
But for thy mercies, hear me!—hear,
And pardon then!

Coplas de Don Jorge Manrique.

ABSENCE.

"Quien no estuviere en presencia."

WHO, absent from their loved-one's range,
  Shall faith, shall confidence betray,
The very sport of thoughtless change,
  And treacherous memory are they.

Wouldst thou be loved, O ne'er depart
  From her thy doubting thoughts would try;
They never linger in the heart
  Who are not present to the eye.
Who, absent from their loved-one's range,
  Shall, careless, confidence betray,
The very sport of chance and change
  And blind forgetfulness are they.

Cancionero de Valencia, 1511, p. 122.

FELIPE MEY.

SONNET.

"Como imaginaré que habrás oido."

How can I deem that Thou hast heard me, Lord!
Lord of the highest Heaven! when the frail prayer,
Which sought an utterance in a trembling word,
Is so unworthy of Thy sacred ear——
But nought is veil'd from Thee,—and Thou wilt hear
The voice that from the heart, whose cells are stor'd
With reverence, and humility, and fear,
Mounts upward. Grant, Thou Source of Good ador'd,
That this my contrite heart, submissive, may
Be led by Thee, for it has lost its way,
And none but Thou may guide it. Lord! untie
The knot which binds it to earth's vanities:
And Thou mayest save it, for Thou canst devise
Salvation even where doubts despairing lie.

Rimas. Tarragona, 1586, p. 62.

F. JOSEPH MORELL.

GOOD ADVICE.

"El que mescló lo dulce y provechoso."

"MINGLE the sweet and useful," says a sage,
Whose name perchance is lost in history's page,
But whose advice withal is good and wise:
It caught a tavern-keeper's busy eyes,
And he exclaim'd, "Delightful,—that's for me!
I see the sense,—I read the mystery:
This is its meaning, I can well divine,—
Mix useful water with your luscious wine."

Tarragona, 1683, p. 17.

TO A POET.

"No en vano sueles llamar."

You say your verses are of gold:—
  And how? my friend, I'd fain inquire;
But, no! I see the truth you've told,—
  They must be purified by fire.

Idem.

FRANCISCO DE OCAÑA.

OPEN THE DOOR.

"Abrasme por Dios, portero."

O PORTER! ope the door to me,
I 'm shivering in the cold and rain;
Take pity on the strangers' pain.

I and this poor old man have come
  Tired wanderers from a foreign shore,
And here we stray without a home.
  His weariness o'erwhelms me more
Than my own woe. O ope your door
To shelter us from cold and rain,—
Take pity on the strangers' pain!

The night is dark, and dull, and cold,
  No inn is open on the road;
The dreary midnight bell hath toll'd,
  And not a straggler walks abroad.
We nought but solitude behold,
Pelted by driving hail and rain,—
Take pity on the strangers' pain.

Be kind, be generous, friend! thy door
  Throw open, for the love of heaven!
We are but two,—but two,—no more,
  I, and my poor old husband, driven
For refuge here; and we implore
A shelter. Shall we ask in vain?—
Take pity on the strangers' pain.

Here give us welcome:—thou wilt be
  Rewarded by God's grace, which can
Shower unexpected joys: though he
  May be an old, defenceless man,
Yet God has recompense for thee:
Thou mayst a noble guerdon gain:—
Take pity on the strangers' pain.

Let us not tarry longer: ope!
  We're chill'd with cold,—so ope, I pray!
Ope to the wanderers now, and hope
  They well thy kindness may repay.
Time and eternity give scope
For recompense:—the wind and rain
Beat on:—relieve the strangers' pain.

Cancionero, Alcala, 1603.

JOURNEY TO BETHLEM.

"Caminad esposa."

ONWARD, fair maiden—
  Wife, virgin dear!
The cocks are now crowing,
  The village is near.

Onward, fair maiden—
  Best of the best;
Soon our tired footsteps
  In Bethlem shall rest—
Then shalt thou rest thee
  Peacefully there:
The cocks are now crowing,
  The village is near.

I see thou art weary—
  Fair lady! my heart
With fear is tormented,
  So weary thou art—
The guest-house awaits thee,
  And rest will be there:
The cocks are now crowing,
  The village is near.

O lady! in Bethlem
  A dwelling 's prepar'd,
Where thou shalt repose thee,
  And peace be thy guard.
We have friends, we have neighbours,
  To welcome us there:
The cocks are now crowing,
  The village is near.

O lady! heaven watch thee
  In nature's distress,
I would give for thy safety
  Ev'n all I possess—
This ass, my companion,
  With pleasure confer.
The cocks are now crowing,
  The village is near.

Ibid.

PEDRO DE PADILLA.

THE CHAINS OF LOVE.

"Bien haya quien hizo."

O BLEST be he! O blest be he!
Let him all blessings prove,
Who made the chains, the shining chains,
The holy chains of love.

There 's many a maiden bright and fair
Upon our village green;
But what bright maiden can compare
With thee, my Geraldine?
O blest be she! O blest be she!
Let her all blessings prove,—
A swain there lives whose every thought
Is bound by her control.
His heart, his soul are hers, and nought
Can sever soul from soul:
So sure the chains, the shining chains,
The holy chains of love.

Tesoro de varias Poesias. Madrid, 1580, p. 451.

THE WANDERING KNIGHT.

"La sierra es alta."

THE mountain towers with haughty brow,
  Its paths deserted be;
The streamlets through their currents flow,
  And wash the mallows tree.

O mother mine! O mother mine!
  That youth so tall and fair,
With lips that smile, and eyes that shine,
  I saw him wandering there.
I saw him there when morning's glow
  Was sparkling on the tree,—
With my five fingers, from below,
  I beckon'd, "Come to me."
The streamlets through their currents flow,
  And wash the mallows tree.

Idem, p. 450.

CONCEALED PASSION.

"Todos piensan que no quiero."

They know not that I love, while I
Despairing die.

The flame which burns within the heart
Can find no outlet through the tongue,
And so they know not that the smart
Is fix'd so deep, has burnt so long;
And thus they call the mighty throng
Of passion,—fleeting whim, while I
Despairing die.

They talk of liberty to me—
To me, in heaviest fetters bound!
As if or peace, or liberty,
Flitted a wasting heart around;
And so my thoughts they would confound
With tales of treacherous love—while I
Despairing die.

This is Love's dart of waywardness,
These are the weapons Love employs;
And so he sports with man's distress,
And trifles thus with human joys.

They know not how his will annoys
My heart: they hold me free, while I
Despairing die.

The tumult busy in my breast
I name not; so—short-sighted men!
They call me, as they deem me, blest,
And oft they turn to me again,
And say, "You never knew love's pain,
O happy, happy maid!"—while I
Despairing die.

No wonder: never from the cell
Of my affections has a word
Escaped: he knows, he knows it well,
Who in that sacred spot interr'd
Lies smiling. I have often heard
Words of reproachful guise; but I
Despairing die.

And I have worn deceit so long,
That if my heart gives utterance now
To its old love—though firm and strong—
They 'll turn to scorn the honest vow,
Laugh at despair, and so allow
My spirit to be martyr'd. I
Despairing die.

Idem, p. 285.

LOVE.

"Hace el Amor lo que quiere."

Love does whate'er he likes, 'tis true,
But never what he ought to do.

It is, I find, his royal will
  That I, o'erpower'd by love, should die,
And so 'tis his delight to fill
  My cup with varied misery:
He tries my heart with every ill
  That mortal patience ever knew,
  Which surely he ought not to do!

There is no grief, there is no pain,
  Which he inflicts not: when I fall
Subdued, he rouses me again,
  And but to visit me with all
That ever bid a heart complain:
  His embers do his birth renew,
  Which, surely, they need not to do!

It would become him well to give,
  For sorrows deep, and sufferings long,
One gleam of joy, one short reprieve,
  One thought of bliss 'midst misery's throng.

But no! he flies the alternative,
  And throws again the bolts he threw:—
  He does not what he ought to do.

And ne'er a more obedient slave
  Follow'd his banners; never one
Had higher claim, or ought to have—
  What service wrought, what duties done,
What toils on shore, and risks on wave!
  He does whate'er he will, 'tis true,
  But never what he ought to do!

Tesoro de varias Poesias. Madrid, 1580, p. 307.

RODRIGUEZ DEL PADRON.

PRAYER.

" Fuego del divino Rayo."

FIRE of heaven's eternal ray,
Gentle and unscorching flame,
Strength in moments of dismay,
Grief's redress and sorrow's balm,
Light thy servant on his way.

Teach him all earth's passing folly,
All its dazzling art
To distrust;
And let thoughts profound and holy
Penetrate his heart,
Low in dust.

Lead him to the realms sublime,
Where thy footsteps tread;
Teach him, Virgin! so to dread
Judgment's soul-tormenting clime,
That he may harvest for the better time.

Cancionero de Valencia, 1511, p. 17.

ALONZO DE PROAZA.

THE THINGS OF HEAVEN ARE SURE.

"Lo del cielo es lo seguro."

The things of heaven are safe and sure;
The things of earth, though bright they be,
Will fade and perish speedily.

The things of heaven, of heavenly birth,
  Unchanged, eternal, shall remain,
While the most steadfast things of earth
  Are all unstable, trembling, vain,—
The sport of mutability.
The things of earth, though fair they be,
Will fade and perish speedily.

The things we see above are bright,
  Pure, spiritual, and beautiful;
While all below is dark as night,—
  Unintellectual,—selfish,—dull.
I know not what the senses see
To wean us from eternity,
To scenes that fade so speedily.

The spirit has its natural seat
  In the celestial heights above;
Earth is its prison,—its retreat,—
  Where, lost in mists, 'tis wont to rove;
Feeble, and dim, and tremblingly,
Man wanders on, as vex'd to be
Midst things of earth that fade and flee.

The things of earth are like a river,—
  A summer river,—swiftly dry;
The things above endure for ever,
  Their ocean is—immensity.
There streams of joy which ne'er shall be
Exhausted, roll eternally,
And thither let our spirits flee.

Cancionero de Valencia, 1511, p. 17.

GASPAR GIL POLO.

LOVE AND HATE.

"Despues que mal me quisistes."

SINCE you have said you loved me not,
  I hate myself; and love can do
No more than drive from heart and thought
  Whoever is unloved by you.

If you could veil your radiant brow,
  Or I could look, and fail to love,
I should not live while dying now,
  Or, living, not thy anger move:
But now let fear and woe be brought,
  And grief and care their wounds renew;
He should be pierced in heart and thought,
  Who, lady! is unloved by you.

Buried in your forgetfulness,
  And mouldering under death's dark pall,
And hated by myself, nor less
  Hated by thee, the world, and all,—

I 'll wed with misery now, and nought
  But your disdain shall meet my view,
And scathed in heart, and scathed in thought,
  Lady! because unloved by you.

Diana enamorada, p. 220.

I CANNOT CEASE TO LOVE.

"Si os pesa de ser querida."

If it distress thee to be loved,
  Why—as I cannot cease to love thee—
Learn thou to bear the thought unmoved,
  Till death remove me, or remove thee.

O let me give the feelings vent!
  The melancholy thoughts that fill me;
Or send thy mandate; be content
  To wound my inner heart, and kill me;
If love, whose smile would fain caress thee,
  If love offend, yet why reprove?
I cannot, lady! but distress thee,
  Because I cannot cease to love.

If I could check the passion glowing
  Within my bosom,—if I could,
On other maids my love bestowing,
  Give thy soul peace, sweet girl! I would.
But no! my heart cannot address thee
  In aught but love!—then why reprove?
I cannot, lady! but distress thee,
  Because I cannot cease to love.

Diana enamorada, p. 218.

DIEGO DE QUIÑONES.

DESIRE AND HOPE.

"En gran peligro me veo."

O! PATIENCE, long exerted, tires;
  My heart is worn, and I must die:
For what desire demands, requires,
  Hope is determined to deny.

And fancy, in her wilder'd dreams,
  Builds cloudy follies,—it were vain
To listen to her misty schemes,
  Which gather and disperse again.
No! from the contest I'll retire,
  And death shall close my weary eyes,
For what is long'd for by desire
  Is that, even that which hope denies.

Cancionero de Valencia, 1511, p. 122.

CONDE BERNARDINO DE REBOLLEDO.

TO A LADY.

"Dichoso quien le mira."

O HAPPY who to thee can turn his eye!
And happier who for thee, sweet maid! may sigh;
But happiest he,—yes! his is joy supreme,
Who hears thee, lovely damsel! sigh for him.

Ocios. Amberes, 1660, p. 55.

TO CLORA.

"Tus ruegos se lograrán."

Clora! to church—your sad complaint
Will find a remedy at least;
For if your prayers won't move the saint,
I know full well they 'll move the priest.

Ibid.

JUAN DE RIBERA.

THE GOOD OLD COUNT IN SADNESS STRAY'D.

"Paseabase el buen conde."

THE good old count in sadness stray'd
  Backwards—forwards pensively;
He bent his head—he said his prayers
  Upon his beads of ebony;
And dark and gloomy were his thoughts,
  And all his words of misery:
"O daughter fair! to woman grown,
  Say who shall come to marry thee;
For I am poor—though thou art fair
  No dower of riches thine shall be."
"Be silent, father, mine! I pray,
  For what avails a dower to me?—
A virtuous child is more than wealth;
  O! fear not,—fear not poverty:
There are whose children ban their bliss,
  Who call on death to set them free,
And they defame their lineage,
  Which shall not be defamed by me;
For if no husband should be mine,
  I 'll seek a convent's purity."

Nueve Romances, 1605, p. 4.

ROMANCE.

"Caballero de lejas tierras."

"KNIGHT that comest from afar,
Tarry here, and here recline;
Couch thy lance upon the floor,
Stop that weary steed of thine:
I would fain inquire of thee
News of wandering husband mine."
"Lady! thou must first describe
Him, thy husband, sign by sign."
"Knight! my husband's young and fair,
In him grace and beauty shine;
At the tablets dexterous he,
And at chess; the honour'd line
Of a marquis on his sword,
Well engraved, you might divine.
All his garments of brocade,
Felted crimson, fair and fine;
At his lance's point he bears
Flag from Tagus' banks, where shine
Victories that he won of old
From a valiant Gaul." "That sign
Tells me, lady! he is dead:
Murder'd is that lord of thine.
In Valencia was he kill'd,
Where there lived a Genovine.

Playing at the tablets, he
  There was murder'd. At his shrine
Many a noble lady wept,
  Many a knight of valiant line:
One mourn'd more than all the rest,
  Daughter of the Genovine;
For they said, and that was true,
  She was his: so, lady mine!
Give me now thy heart, I pray,
  For my heart is only thine."
"Nay, sir knight! it cannot be!
  Nay! I must not thus incline.
To a convent first I'll go,
  Vow me to that life divine."
"No! that cannot, cannot be,
  Check that hasty vow of thine;
For I am thy husband, dear!
  Thou the unstain'd wife of mine."

Nueve Romances, 1605, p. 4.

GARCI SANCHEZ DE BADAJOZ.

SING, LITTLE BIRDS.

"Cantad todas avecillas."

Sing, sing, ye little birds
In melancholy strain,
For that shall soothe my pain.

It is not that my heart
  Rebels against my woe;
The more severe the smart,
  The more intense the throe,
The more the praise must be,
  To suffer patiently,—
That thought is sweet to me.
Sing, birds of mournful strain,
For that shall soothe my pain.

Cancionero de 1511.

PEDRO SOTO DE ROJAS.

TO A BIRD SINGING.

"Pajaro venturoso."

O BLESSED songster! thou
Pourest in sweetest notes thy amorous vow
Harmonious, and thy songstress echoes shrill,
The music of her love: most happy pair,
I have no listening ears my songs to share,
No light-plumed wings to wander at my will.
O blessed singer! thou
Art chanting of thy pleasures now,
And thou art blest,—
For Nature, liberal Nature, which denied
Thee knowledge, gave thee bliss and song beside,
And they are best.

Desengaño del Amor, Madrid, 1623, p. 37.

TO A BIRD IN A CAGE.

"O cuanto es la tuya parecida."

IMPRISON'D songster! my unhappy fate
Is like thy own, disconsolate;
Thou art a prisoner,—I a prisoner too;
Thou singest, and I sing;
I ply my thoughts, and thou thy powerless wing,
In all the weariness of hopeless woe.
Thou givest songs to him who checks thy flight,
And I (O what a melancholy song!)
To her who holds me in her fetters strong.
Thine is a far less dark and gloomy plight:
Thou, linnet! livest with thy music,—I
With my own music faint, and pine, and die.

Idem, p. 27.

LOVE REPROVED.

"Señor que del pecado."

Lord! who desirest that the sin should die,
And not the sinner, hear me! I confess
My follies and my errors numberless.
Brutal my love hath been, and vile my joy;
My will but folly, my desire but pride,
Towering unsanctified.
Merciful Lord! thy wandering sheep behold,
And bring him, gentle Shepherd! to the fold;
Lead back his footsteps which distracted rove,—
His tears are tears of penitence, not love.

Desengaño del Amor. Madrid, 1623, p. 180.

A. G. DE SALAS BARBADILLO.

TO ONE FOND OF LAW.

"Tanto gustas de pleytear.'

You are so fond of law, I hear,
That when your cause's end is near
You are displeas'd and sad:
You like disputes:—take my advice,-
Marry,—'twill give you in a trice
Disputes enough to make you mad.

Rimas Castellanas, Madrid, 1618, p. 49.

TO AN IMPATIENT JEW.

"Cuentanme Samuel que ayer."

THEY tell me, Moses, yesterday
You came,—and stay'd,—and went away,
After long waiting at my gate:
What! come and go,—and never do
Your business. No! it can't be true:
A Hebrew tired when forced to wait?

Idem, p. 62.

GREGORIO SILVESTRE.

TELL ME, LADY! TELL ME——YES?

"Señora, creeis que vos."

LADY! if thou deem me true,
That I love thee, now confess;
Tell me, lady!—tell me——yes!

Since I saw thy beauty, nought
  But that beauty fills my mind;
Every passion, every thought,
  Is in love of thee enshrin'd;
  In no other thought I find
Peace:—and wilt thou love me less?
Tell me, lady! tell me——yes?

Wilt thou own that thou alone
  Art my hope, my heaven, my bliss?
Light, without thy smile, is none—
  Day, without thee, darkness is:
Dost thou own, beloved one!
Thou my path canst cheer and bless?
Tell me, lady!—tell me——yes?

Dost thou know the radiant sky,
  With its comets, suns, and stars,
All in glorious course on high,
  Driving their illumined cars,—
Dost thou know, when thou art nigh,
They are dark and valueless?
Tell me, lady!—tell me——yes!

Dost thou know that God has made
  Gardens, fields, and banks, and bowers,
Seats of sunshine, and of shade,
  Deck'd with smiles, and gemm'd with flowers,
Which repose and peace pervade?
  Thither, lady! let us press;
  Tell me, lady!—tell me——yes?

Obras.—Granada, 1599, p. 77.

I'LL TRANSFER THEE FROM MY HEART TO MY SOUL.

"Dende el corazon al alma."

THOU long hast dwelt within my heart,
  But I'll transfer thee to my soul,
For that is my immortal part.

The soul, unworthy too, looks down
  On the decaying, mortal clay,
But yet would claim, and call its own,
  A star of such celestial ray
As thine, my fair! and make its throne
  That soul immortal, there to dwell
  In dignity unchangeable.

It is a mighty temple, rear'd
  On reason's and affection's base;
There sits th' immortal spirit, spher'd
  In its own glory, and its grace,—
A palace and a resting-place,
  Where thou, its ruling head, shalt be
  Throned in its immortality.

And on the walls, in lines of gold,
  I'll write thy splendent name,—I'll write—
O no! for angels shall behold
  That name in sculptured words of light,

And love thy beauties shall unfold
  In their eternal beams, to shine
  In immortality divine.

And then my heart, my sense, my soul,
  Shall wait thy bidding, pleased to be
The very slaves to thy control,
  Through heaven's untold eternity;
So years shall fly, so ages roll,
  And I shall serve, and thou shalt live,
  Long as heaven's sun a beam can give.

Obras. Granada, 1599, p. 80.

I TO-DAY: YOU TO-MORROW.

"No estes tan consenta Juana."

O LAUGH not, Celia! thus to see
  Thy lover pine in saddest sorrow;
For what to-day oppresses me,
  Perchance may smite thee, maid! to-morrow.

O be not, maid! so glad and gay,
  So proud, so confident; at last,
Love in one moment will repay
  The long arrears of ages past:
And though to-day thou smile to see
  My heart o'erwhelm'd with gloomy sorrow,
Perchance as thou to-day on me,
  So may I smile on thee to-morrow.

Nay! not so scornful: who array'd
  Thee in thy charms, those charms can steal:
Who thee a sovereign lady made,
  May make thee captive at his will.
If thou wilt play the tyrant, he
  Will punish thee with sudden sorrow,
And visit my hard doom on thee,
  If not to-day, at least to-morrow.

Know that thy master bears a quiver,
  Whose feather'd arrows never miss.
Thou canst not fly,—O no! deceiver,—
  Redress is mine, revenge is his:
Yet, Celia! yet there's hope for thee;
  I'll save thee from the threaten'd sorrow:
Give, give to-day thy heart to me—
  It may not be thine own to-morrow.

Idem, p 87.

INES SENT A KISS TO ME.

"Un abrazo me mandó Ines."

INES sent a kiss to me
While we danced upon the green;
Let that kiss a blessing be,
And conceal no woes unseen.

How I dared I know not now,
While we danced I gently said,
Smiling, "Give me, lovely maid,
Give me one sweet kiss"—when, lo!
Gathering blushes robed her brow;
And with love and fear afraid,
Thus she spoke—"I'll send the kiss
In a calmer day of bliss."

Then I cried—"Dear maid! what day
Can be half so sweet as this?
Throw not hopes and joys away;
Send, O send the promised kiss!—
Can so bright a gift be mine,
Bought without a pang of pain?
'Tis perchance a ray divine,
Darker night to bring again.

"Could I dwell on such a thought,
I of very joy should die;
Nought of earth's enjoyments, nought
Could be like that ecstasy.
I will pay her interest meet,
When her lips shall breathe on me;
And for every kiss so sweet,
Give her many more than three."

Idem, p. 94.

YES! SILVIA, I FOR THEE SHALL DIE.

"Silvia, por ti moriré."

Yes! Silvia, I for thee shall die.
  One favour I would ask of thee,—
  If one inquirer ask for me,
Say—"I destroy'd him—even I."

For if thou wilt confess the deed
  I will forgive thee, and the word
  Shall for my sweet revenge be heard,
And my excuse thou thus shalt plead:
Revenge, since all from thee will fly,
  When they shall hear the tale of thee;
  Excuse, O yes! excused by me,
While owning—"I destroy'd him—I!"

And thus a victory crowns us both:
  Thou victory gain'st, I victory give.
  Yes! from our combat shall survive
Mysteries of glory!—I my troth,
My faith, my vow, my constancy,—
  Thou, for thou hast o'erpower'd me,
  And greater shall the victory be,
Thou owning—"I destroy'd him—I!"

Idem, p. 89.

SOAREZ.

GO, GENTLE MISSIVE.

" ¡ Anda ve con diligencia."

Go, gentle missive,—go and greet
With mournful words and gloomy mien
My lady—lay thee at her feet,
In that benignant presence sweet:—
Queen of my thoughts and memory's queen;—
If she shall ask a word of me,
Say,—with a pale and tear-wet cheek,
" O lady! when I left him, he
Utter'd more sighs of misery
Than letters on my pages speak!"

If she shall ask thee, missive! why?
Say, " Lady! 'twas the thought that thou
Hadst fled,—to where his eager eye
Can catch no light, can find no joy
From thy blest smile of glory—now."
And if she add—" Some other maid,
Some other maid, this dream has wrought;"

Say that I swore—and wildly said,
I ne'er affection's vow betray'd,
Nor stain'd its thoughts with other thought.

If she shall ask thee, missive! more:
"Is he still faithful—is he true?"
Say, "Lady! By the stars he swore,
And told thy countless beauties o'er,
That time his love should ne'er subdue:
Where'er he goes, where'er he stays,
He thinks of thee,—to thee he flies;
And when he stops, and when he strays,
To thee he turns his fetter'd gaze,
And mourns—and faints—and weeps—and sighs."

Then she will ask thee, missive! how
Life such a train of woes can bear?
And thou wilt say—"'Tis hope's bright glow
That fans his love,—and dreams that thou
Wilt sympathise at last and share:"
Say—"Though there's doubt and fear in this,
Yet—on such hopes the soul will dwell,
Or else this shadowy heaven of bliss,
Where one soft beam of sunrise is,
Would darken into hopeless hell."

And when thy honest tongue reveals
These pangs my inner heart which tear,
Watch if one look of pity steals—
Mark what she thinks, and what she feels,

As pictured in her changing air:
Read every look, and every glance,
Each blush that comes, each blush that goes,
The changes of her countenance,
And if thy presence seem to enhance
The darkness of the cheek-throned rose.

And mark if thou a welcome find,
Or if thou meet with cold disdain:
Then note, if on the maiden's mind,
A single gentle thought enshrin'd,
Breathes love's soft pity on my pain;
Mark if she stay—yet seem to fly—
If she forget—or welcome thee—
And tell me if the maiden's eye
Shine brightly as in days gone by,
When last she said Farewell! to me.

Then tell me—is her heart elate,
Or if her breast with sorrow swell,—
And mark with eager glance her gait,
And if she love, and if she hate,
Which her oft-changing eye shall tell.
And O! be eloquent—and say,
How thy poor master pines alone,
And let thy memory bear away
All that my eyes shall see the day
When we shall blend, bright thought! as one.

Cancionero de Valencia, 1511, p. 83.

FRANCISCO DE SAA DE MIRANDA.

O BASE GALLICIAN!

"Sola me dejaste."

O BASE Gallician! lone and lost,
Thou 'st left me on the desert coast,
Vile, base Gallician!

I went where once thou didst abide,
There thou abid'st not;
The valley to my cries replied,
But thou repliedst not.
Sad, melancholy, mortified,
I wander weeping, while
Thou dost but smile.

Say, where thy mother's dwelling is—
I will go to her—
Gallician! who could dream of this,
Thou—*thou* no truer!
Eyes—filled with tears of bitterness,
A heart—where flames of anguish burn,—
O when shall peace return?

Obras, Lisboa, 1614, p. 155.

WHERE IS DOMINGA?

"Todos vienen de la villa."

All gather from the village here,
But where's Dominga?—tell me where.

The rest have come—they all have come;
I've counted them, yes! one by one,—
But she's not there, and, O! I roam
All desolate, and all alone.
What shall I do?—without her, none
My path can light, my way can cheer.
Where is Dominga?—tell me where.

Obras, Lisboa, 1614, p. 153.

LOPE DE SOSA.

ROMANCE.

"Mas envidia he de vos, conde."

I RATHER envy thee thy doom
  Than blame thee, count, or pity thee;
For such an honourable tomb
  Is glory's immortality.
And vainly, idly, do they deem,
  Who can deplore thy destiny,
Which, though it dark and dreary seem,
  Is bright with fortune's radiancy.
I envy thee, O count! thy bliss,
  More than the king who murder'd thee;
A living death shall now be his,
  Because he knew no charity,
And no forgiveness: to forgive
  Had been a nobler victory
Than to destroy; but let him live,
  Unknowing mercy's luxury.
O fear not, count! the scaffold's shame,
  But hasten onwards speedily;
It stains no virtue, blasts no name;
  Thy doom revoked may not be.

For death is life, and death supplies
  A bed for slumbering tranquilly,
And in the cause thy comfort lies,
  And that shall cheer and comfort thee.

Cancionero de Valencia, 1511, p. 131.

MOSEN TALLANTE.

JESUS ON THE CROSS.

"Immenso Dios perdurable."

MIGHTY, changeless God above!
Father of immensity!
  Righteous;
Whose unutterable love
Led thee on the cross to die
  Even for us.

Thou who all our sins didst bear,
All our sorrows suffering there,
  O Agnus Dei!
Lead us where thy promise led
That poor dying thief, who said,
  Memento mei!

Cancionero de Valencia, 1511, p. 3.

JUAN DE TIMONEDA.

NAY! SHEPHERD, NAY! THOU ART UNWARY.

"Porque olvidas el rebaño?"

"NAY! shepherd, nay! thou art unwary—
Thy flocks are wandering far away."
"Alas! I know it well—'tis Mary
Who leads my troubled thoughts astray."

"Look, shepherd! look—how far they rove!
Why so forgetful?—call them yet."—
"O! he who is forgot by love
Will soon, too soon, all else forget."
"Come leave those thoughts so dark and dreary,
And with your browzing flocks be gay."
"Ah no! 'tis vain, 'tis vain,—for Mary
Leads all my troubled thoughts astray."

"'Tis love then, shepherd! O depart,
And drive away the cheating boy."
—"Alas he's seated in my heart,
And rules it with tumultuous joy."

"Nay! shepherd, wake thee, dare not tarry,
For thou art in a thorny way."
"Ah no! 'tis vain, 'tis vain,—for Mary
Leads all my troubled thoughts astray."

"Throw off this yoke, young shepherd, be
Joyous and mirthsome as before.
—"O what are mirth and joy to me?
They on my woes no balm can pour."
"Thou didst refuse to dance, didst tarry
When laughing maidens were at play."—
"I know I did—Alas! 'tis Mary
That leads my troubled thoughts astray."

"Then tell thy love—perchance 'tis hid,
And send a missive scribbled o'er."—
"Alas! my friend—I did, I did,—
Which, ere the maid had read, she tore."—
"Then hang the maid—the foul fiend carry
A pestilence through all her flocks."—
"O no, forbear!—Nor threaten Mary
With sorrow's frowns,—nor misery's shocks."

Böhl. N. 190.

THE THOUGHTS THAT CHEER US SO.

"Aquel si vieñe o no viene."

That—Will she come, or will she stay,
And shall we see the maid or no,
In love's most eloquent array,
Are thoughts which cheer the spirit so.

That, O indeed I am beloved,
And what a bliss beloved to be!
And brightly are the hours improved,
That are devoted, maid, to thee.
And dreams so fair might lead astray,
In ecstasies, the spirit——no!
In love's most eloquent array,
These are the thoughts that cheer us so.

Those smiles of satisfied delight,—
Her looks on him, and his on her,—
That—watching fondly for the night,
When love expects love's worshipper;—
That—will he find his love-led way
Hither, or whither will he go?
In love's most eloquent array,
These are the thoughts that cheer us so.

That—Did he hear me—did he see,—
  And will the hour come smiling on—
The hour on which he promised me
  A word—a single word—alone?
And shall I hope?—and will to-day
  Its radiance o'er the future throw?
In love's most eloquent array,
  These are the thoughts that cheer us so.

That—Will no smile, or will no sigh,
  Show forth the thoughts that rule within;
Will ne'er a welcome light her eye,—
  Will ne'er a word her weakness win,—
And will she never, never say,
  ''Twas well—'twas well!'—I 'll ne'er forego
The thoughts in love's sublime array
  Whose influence can console us so.

Idem, No. 187.

O, I MUST PITY YONDER FLOCK!

"Pastora que en el cayado."

THE maid who carves upon the rock
  Her lover's name, is lost,—and bound
  In love's thrice-fettering chains around:—
O, I must pity yonder flock!

Though that may seem a trifling thing,
  Yet by that very deed the maid
Doth from her heart the curtain fling,
  Which veil'd her secret thoughts in shade.
She speaks not; she will not unlock
  Her bosom's depths to words; but she
Is fetter'd in love's mystery:—
  O, I must pity yonder flock!

The mystery which from love we learn,
  Is the soul's business:—how can art,
With her corporeal eye, discern
  What passes in the secret heart?
The maid records upon the rock
  The dreams that through her bosom rove;
  O! she is all subdued by love,—
And I must pity yonder flock.

Where is the youth?—now tell me where?
  That he that maiden's look may watch,
For from her eye, her lip, her air,
  He sweetest hopes and joys shall catch.
Her soul has burst its bounds,—the shock
  Of passion all its springs will move,—
The maiden is subdued by love: —
  O, I must pity yonder flock!

Idem, No. 188.

MATEO VAZQUEZ DE LECA.

SONNET.

"Cuerpo de Dios, Leandro eternecido."

You were a foolish, though an amorous fellow,
Leander! had you for a boat but waited,
Death and the devil might have both been cheated,
And history have been spared the pains to tell how
A silly youth was drown'd.—You might have gone
Dry-footed to your mistress—and have kiss'd her
In nuptial joy—but no!—for driven on
By an impatient passion's gust—you miss'd her,
And died.—A pity that!—in this our Seville,
You've not a notion how we cheat the devil;
And run no risk of colds, nor disappointments:
True, love may graze us,—but the drowning plan
Is a mistake, which neither oil nor ointments,
Nor wit, nor wisdom, can get over, man.

Böhl. N. 660.

ANTONIO DE VELASCO.

LADY! LADY! WHY COMPLAIN?

"Señora de que os quejais."

LADY! lady! why complain?
What have I done?
Check those frowns of cold disdain,—
Bid them be gone.
You know you may
Drive all hope, all joy away,
Whenever, lady! you shall choose to frown.

If a glance of brightness gleam'd
Across my breast,
'Twas because my fancy deem'd
I thee possest;
But death is now,
Of all woes, the lightest woe,
Since disappointment robs my soul of rest!

I for thee alone would live,
Alone for thee,
Else sad death's alternative
Were sweet to me.

If life were lost
For thee, life's best and brightest boast,
Would death bring silence and serenity.

Cancionero de Sevilla, 1535, p. 47.

FRANCISCO DE VELASCO.

THE WORLD AND ITS FLOWERS.

"Del mundo y sus flores."

TRUST not, man! earth's flowers—but keep
  Busy watch—they fade, they bow—
Watch, I say, for thou mayst weep
  O'er the things thou smil'st on now.

Man! thou art a foolish child,
  Playing with a flying ball—
Trifling sports, and fancies wild,
  But the earth-worm swallows all.
Wherefore in a senseless sleep,
  Careless dreaming—thoughtless vow—
Waste existence?—Thou wilt weep
  O'er the days thou smil'st on now.

Earth—that passes like a shade,
  Vain as lightest shade can be;
Soon in dust and darkness laid,
  Crumbles in obscurity.
Insects of destruction creep
  O'er its fairest, greenest bough:
Watch, I say, or thou shalt weep
  O'er the flowers thou smil'st on now.

Watch, I say; the dying worm
  That lifts up its voice to thee—
Dreads the over-threatening storm—
  Fain in shelter'd port would be.
Laugh not—scorn not—tempt not—keep
  Smiling folly from thy brow,
Lest in misery thou shouldst weep
  O'er the thoughts thou smil'st on now.

Burgos, 1604. Böhl, 388.

I TOLD THEE SO!

"Bien te dije yo alma."

I TOLD thee, soul, that joy and woe
  Were but a gust, a passing dew,—
I told thee so,—I told thee so,—
  And O, my soul! the tale was true.

This mortal life,—a fleeting thing,—
When most we love it swiftest flies:
It passes like a shade and dies;
And while it flaps its busy wing,
It scatters every mist that lies
Round human hopes:—all air and dew,—
I told thee so,—I told thee so,—
And O, my soul! the tale was true.

Like the dry leaf that autumn's breath
Sweeps from the tree,—the mourning tree:
So swiftly and so certainly
Our days are blown about by death;
For life is built on vanity;
Renewing days but death renew,—
I told thee so,—I told thee so,—
And O, my soul! the tale was true.

O let us seize on what is stable,
And not on what is shifting: all
Rushes down life's vast waterfall,
On to that sea interminable,
Which has no shore. Earth's pleasures pall;
But Heaven is safe and sacred too:
I told thee so,—I told thee so,—
And O, my soul! the tale was true.

Cancionero, Burgos, 1604.

GIL VICENTE.

HOW FAIR THE MAIDEN!

"Mui graciosa es la doncella."

How fair the maiden! what can be
So fair, so beautiful, as she?

Ask the mariner who sails
  Over the joyous sea,
If wave, or star, or friendly gales,
  Are half so fair as she?

Ask the knight on his prancing steed
  Returning from victory,
If weapon, or war, or arrow's speed,
  Is half so fair as she?

Ask the shepherd who leads his flocks
  Along the flowery lea,
If the valley's lap, or the sun-crown'd rocks,
  Are half so fair as she?

Compilação de todas as Obras, Lisboa, 1562.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

"En la huerta nace la rosa."

The rose looks out in the valley,
And thither will I go,
To the rosy vale, where the nightingale
Sings his song of woe.

The virgin is on the river side
Culling the lemons pale;
Thither—yes! thither will I go,
To the rosy vale, where the nightingale
Sings his song of woe.

The fairest fruit her hand hath cull'd,
'Tis for her lover all:
Thither—yes! thither will I go,
To the rosy vale, where the nightingale
Sings his song of woe.

In her hat of straw, for her gentle swain,
She has placed the lemons pale.
Thither—yes! thither will I go,
To the rosy vale, where the nightingale
Sings his song of woe.

Idem.

I COME FROM THE ROSE-GROVE, MOTHER.

"Del rosal vengo, mi madre."

I come from the rose-grove, mother,
I come from the grove of roses.

Go to the banks where the streamlet flows,
There you may gather the damask rose:
I come from the grove of roses.

Go to the vale where the river is flowing,
There you may see the rose-trees blowing:
I come from the grove of roses.

I saw the rose-grove blushing in pride,
I gather'd the blushing rose—and sigh'd—
I come from the rose-grove, mother,
I come from the grove of roses.

Idem.

ART THOU SLEEPING, MAIDEN?

"Si dormis doncella."

Art thou sleeping, maiden?
  Wake and open I pray—
'Tis morning now—and we must go
  Forward on our way.

Put not thy sandals on,
  But come with thy bare white feet:
For the mountain rains have drench'd the plains:
  We many a stream shall meet,
And the Guadalquivir's wave—
  Then, maiden, no delay.
'Tis morning now—so let us go
  Forward on our way.

Idem.

PLAGUES THREATENED.

"Mal haya quien los envuelve."

A PLAGUE on them who e'er perplex'd
The current of true love,—
A plague on them who love perplex'd.

My earliest love in Seville 's bound
With many a chain and fetter round.
The current of true love,
A plague on them who e'er perplex'd.

In Seville is my true love bound
With my own flowing tresses round.
The current of true love,
A plague on him who e'er perplex'd.

Idem.

THE MAIDEN IS DISQUIETED.

"Sañosa está la niña."

THE maiden is disquieted:
Who shall break on her footsteps' tread?

She is wandering o'er the mountain there,
  Her flocks around her be;
She is fair as the brightest flowers are fair,
  But troubled like the sea.
The maiden is disquieted:
Who shall break on her footsteps' tread?

Idem.

ASK HER NOT WHY.

"Cual es la niña."

STRANGE is the maid who culls
Flowers in the grove,
And thinks not of love.

She gathers the rose
In the garden that blows.
While she bends, from above
A youth fixed her eye,—
O ask her not why
Her heart beats with love?

Idem.

ANTONIO DE VILLEGAS.

SLEEP AND DREAMS.

"En la peña, suso la peña."

On a rock where the moonlight gleam'd,
The maiden slept, and the maiden dream'd.

The maiden dream'd, for love had crept
Within her thoughtless heart, and seem'd
To picture him of whom she dream'd.
She dream'd,—and did I say she slept?
O no! her brain with visions teem'd:
The maiden on the rocky ground
Sleeps not, if love's wild dreams flit round.

Her heart 's perplex'd by mystery,
And passing shades, and misty gleams;
And if she see not what she dreams,
She dreams of what she fain would see;
And 'tis her woe estranged to be,
While on the rocky mountain laid,
From all that cheers a love-sick maid.

And what is love, but dreams which thought,
Wild thought carves out of passion? throwing
Its veil aside, while, wing'd and growing,
The embryo's to existence brought,
False joys, fierce cares, with mysteries fraught;
As who by day of hunger dies,
Dreaming of feasts at midnight lies.

Inventario, Medina del Campo, 1565, p. 68.

LOVE'S EXTREMES.

"Cualquiera que amor siguiere."

EVERY votary of love
Needs must pain and pleasure prove:
Love's delights belong to those
Who have felt love's wants and woes.

Love still bears a double chain,
All his prisoners to bind;
Living,—seek they death in vain;
Dying,—life in death they find.

When he wounds or kills, he cures,—
When he heals, he seems to kill,—
So the love-torn heart endures
All extremes of good and ill.

Inventario, 57.

ESTEVAN MANUEL DE VILLEGAS.

HOW CALM, HOW SWEET THE PLAIN.

"O cuan dulce y suave."

How calm, how sweet the plain,
When spring walks forth—and gloomy days are gone,—
Birds pour their mournful strain,
The winds expire, the streamlets linger on,
And from the flowery bed
Gay smiles awake, and odorous breaths are shed.

The elm tree, and the pine,
Shade from the dazzling of the noontide beam;
A golden amber line
Plays ever sparkling on the gentle stream
Which rolls across the mead—
Food for the mouth,—a pillow for the head.

But thou being absent, all,
Fair maiden! loses every beauty now;
For thy sweet footsteps fall
As fall the morn-rays from the mountain brow,
And gladness and soft joy
Without thee are but sorrow and annoy.

Amatorias, p. 10.

CONDE DE VIMIOSO.

LOVE AND DESIRE.

"Mis amores tanto os amo."

O LOVE!—sweet love!—I love you so,
That my desire dares not aspire
Ev'n to desire.

For if I dared desire, sweet hope
Would follow in its train; and how
Could I with thy displeasure cope,
Who wilt no glance of hope allow?
And so to death I turn me now,
For my desire dare not aspire
Ev'n to desire.

Cancionero de Lisboa, 1517, p. 80.

LUIS DE VIVERO.

O WHO SHALL TELL THEE WHAT I FEEL?

"O quien pudiere deciros."

O WHO shall tell thee what I feel
  When I can find no words,—thus driven,
Thus from thy presence forced to steal,—
  Thus driven from Eden and from Heaven?
Absence from thee is hell,—is death!
  And I am broken-hearted! Where
Shall thought find words, or misery breath,
  My racking torments to declare?

Thou!—thou dost exile me! To me
  Give feet to bear my frame away,—
A tongue to bid farewell to thee,—
  A hand thy once-loved friend to slay.
Thee I adored—I still adore!—
  I gave thee all I had—'tis thine—
My very soul is mine no more!
  I gave thee all, and nought is mine.

Yes! ev'n the very tears that now
  Thy treacheries weep, are thine: I bring
To thee my sighs, as once my vow—
  My worship—faith—love—every thing!
Avail they not?—then, lady! I
  Demand the life which to thy hand
I gave: my ashes may not lie
  In such a cold and distant land.

Give back my freedom—let me go:
  Give back my freedom. I will bless
The giver, though she wrong'd me. No!
  I freedom ask'd, not wretchedness.
Give back my heart, unbroken, sound,
  As when I gave that heart to thee.
Thou bring'st it, rent with many a wound,—
  Alas! 'tis worthless thus to me.

Cancionero General de Valencia, 1511, p. 169.

THE END.

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